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IF THE REPUBLICANS really wish to keep the Washington scandals out of the campaign they are giving small evidence of that desire. Within a week the Department of Justice dropped a group of indictments against Remus, the "king of the bootleggers" who recently made a statement in behalf of Harry Daugherty; Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who acted as a sort of office-boy in carrying the oil-lease papers about Washington for signature, was nominated—under Old Guard pressure—as the Republican candidate for governor of New York State; and President Coolidge, Secretary Wilbur, and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt have all approved the plan to promote Rear Admiral Robison, the key man in the navy involved in the transfer of the naval-oil lands to Doheny and Sinclair. Robison was jumped to his present position as chief of the bureau of engineers when Secretary Denby gave him that important post; now official favoritism marks him out for another leap over his peers, despite the fact that his public record in recent months reveals nothing except his complicity in the Doheny transaction. He admitted on the witness-stand that he learned all he knew of the leases from the Dohenys, and that he pushed the lease-transfer plan despite opposition from Admiral Griffin and others. If the Administration wanted to convict itself of complicity in the oil scandal it could hardly have adopted more effective methods.

THE MAGIC OF THE ROOSEVELT NAME is not likely to carry the rough rider's son into the governorship of New York State. This country has never taken kindly to inheritance in politics, and the parallelism between the careers of the two colonels which carried Theodore, Jr., into a Washington position above his powers is likely to come to a sudden end. "Al" Smith will win again. But "Al's" own election may serve as a check to his career. He did not want to run; he could earn more money in private life, and his own political ambitions would have been better served by a national speaking tour than by a home-State campaign. New York knows "Al" already, and has proved its affection at the ballot-box. But this time Governor Smith is accepting more than the nomination for governor. He becomes the running-mate of Mr. Morgan's attorney. That will not help him in politics, and it ought not to. "Al" Smith has a very different record from John W. Davis; his natural affiliation, barring the question of party regularity, would be with La Follette rather than with Davis. By supporting Davis in this campaign he is knifing the new-party movement which expresses in national politics the progressive attitude on public issues which is Governor Smith's chief pride at home. As Norman Thomas, Socialist and Farmer-Labor candidate for governor, puts it:

> Al Smith cannot and will not change the character of Tammany Hall or the Democratic Party. Tammany Hall and similar machines, despite the human qualities of some of their leaders or perhaps because of them, are the best instruments ever devised for keeping the people quiet with personal favors and small concessions while special privilege gets what it wants. . . . The test as to progressivism in this campaign is the attitude the voter takes to the creation of a new party.

CALIFORNIA'S SUPREME COURT has also done its bit to aid the La Follette campaign to curb one-man decisions by the courts. La Follette opponents besought the court to remove the names of the Independent electors from the ballots on the ground that electors were not "officials" within the meaning of the law, but mere messengers, and could not be nominated by petition. Three of the seven judges held the contention unjustified. Four accepted the technicality—and the Independent names are off. La Follette will appear on the California ballot only as a Socialist. Presumably the three judges were no less learned than the four, but, as Senator La Follette puts it, one man's twist of mind "nullifies the deliberately expressed will of the 50,000 voters" who signed La Follette-Wheeler petitions in California. "The decision," Senator Hiram Johnson believes, "is unjustified by the law, contrary to public policy, and of most harmful consequences. It is decisions such as this that undermine public confidence in the courts." Down in

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Louisiana a public official similarly ruled the La Follette-Wheeler electors off the ballot. Some wag in the State La Follette headquarters, recalling the slogan "Ballots not bullets" indorsed by the American Legion for National Education Week, wires us as follows:

> Referring your issue October 1, page 323, slogan of American Legion "Ballots not bullets." We were denied today La Follette's and Wheeler's names on the ballot. Please ask American Legion to wire Secretary of State Baton Rouge the slogan "Ballots not bullets."
>
> (Signed) Louisiana La Follette Headquarters.

IN HIS THRUSTS at the Republicans John W. Davis sometimes makes a good point for Senator La Follette. He did so in Wilmington when discussing the powers of the Supreme Court. Mr. Davis is a corporation lawyer and as set on preserving the Supreme Court's powers, with all their abuses, as is a professional banker like Mr. Dawes. But for all that Mr. Davis is too well informed to stomach Mr. Dawes's twaddle, and at Wilmington he pointed out that the Republicans, having failed to inspire hope through promises, were trying to instil fear through hobgoblins:

> I detect, gentlemen, the bringing on the stage of a new "bogy-man." He is wearing a fur cap and a long, red robe, and across his breast his name is written in curious characters such as we rarely see in the United States, and they point to him and tell you "He is a Bolshevist"; and when his cap falls off and he lays down his red gown, you find that he is none other than our familiar friend, Senator "Bob" La Follette of Wisconsin.

The La Follette proposal to limit the Supreme Court was not nearly so drastic, Mr. Davis said, as Colonel Roosevelt's suggested recall of judicial decisions; the idea that the power of Congress should be superior to that of the Supreme Court originated not in Moscow but in much more familiar London. Mr. Davis might have added that the same theory holds also in conservative republics with written constitutions, like France and Switzerland, where we hear no outcries about the destruction of either property or personal liberty. Switzerland, which, like the United States, is a federal republic, specifically repudiated the American principle of judicial supremacy in writing its constitution. Its supreme court may overrule legislation passed by the cantons (corresponding to our States) but only a popular referendum can reverse laws passed by its national legislature.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the election were thrown into the House? So many misconceptions seem to be current that we quote the language of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which determines the procedure:

> . . . The person having the greatest number of votes for President [in the Electoral College] shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. . . .

TRANSLATED INTO THE LANGUAGE OF 1924, this means that if neither Coolidge nor Davis nor La Follette obtains 266 electoral votes, a majority of the whole, the election must go to the House. Barring a "tidal wave" it now seems likely that no candidate will receive such a majority. The House could elect any one of the *three* leading candidates—but it votes by States, each State's representation casting one unit, and a majority, or twenty-five State votes, is necessary to a choice. At present five States have tied delegations in the House, twenty-two (including the La Follette Republicans of Wisconsin and the Non-partisans of North Dakota) are Republican, and twenty-one Democratic. Unless, therefore, a large number of representatives broke party lines, no candidate could obtain the requisite majority in the House, and the man chosen as Vice-President by the Senate would become acting President. The Senate could choose only from the *two* leading candidates. It seems certain that the progressive Republican Senators would vote for either Wheeler or Bryan in preference to Dawes, and that one of the two would accordingly be elected in the Senate. Either would be sure to give the leader of his ticket—Davis or La Follette—his choice of Cabinet positions, and to make him chief adviser of the Administration.

IS SECURITY a precondition of disarmament or is disarmament a precondition of security? France is the champion of security before everything else; Denmark upholds disarmament, and her Premier has announced the intention of disarming "to the skin." The *Journal des Débats*, one of Paris's oldest and most responsible papers, declares that Denmark thereby abandons her independent sovereignty and suggests that perhaps she should be excluded from the League of Nations. As one reads the speech of M. Munch, the Danish delegate at Geneva, it is difficult to understand the basis of such violent opposition. The *Manchester Guardian* gives a summary of the speech:

> It is the existence of great armies and navies that is the danger. Once these great armies and navies of great nations are set in motion it would be impossible to arrest them, whatever the morality of the matter or the sanctions may be. No guaranties would be of the slightest use. With little states a system of arbitration and guaranties may function well enough. In the case of a great Power, or of the allies of a great Power, it would be very difficult to prevent recourse to war. Disarmament is therefore the only way of attaining security, not vice versa.

This point of view need not have given annoyance. But M. Munch also suggested that the basis for reduction might be found in the disarmament clauses of the peace treaties imposed upon Germany and her allies. Austria was accorded an army of 30,000—about 5,000 per million inhabitants; Germany 100,000—or 5,000 per three million.

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Why, suggests M. Munch, should not such terms be taken as a basis? The reason is perfectly clear. Germany's army would be half as large again as France's.

IMPOSSIBLE ECONOMIC HURDLES are already being erected over which Germany is expected to leap with the weighty Dawes scheme—if she can. England has restored the 26 per cent import duty on German goods; France has recently imposed a like duty, and it is reported that Belgium will follow her example; America's tariff wall remains firm. Home industries in all the Allied countries are being protected from German dumping with a vengeance. If Germany is to be hopelessly discouraged by a long and futile effort to find markets the result may be the same as if there never had been a Dawes Report. The Anglo-German trade parleys have broken down, and the forthcoming Franco-German economic accord may boil down to an exchange of French iron ore for German coal and coke. M. Louis Loucheur, a member of the French delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations, who will probably be a member of the trade commission, makes a vague suggestion which might have important developments:

> Why not try to reach a common-sense adjustment of this situation? Arrange production and consumption on a rational plan and the allotment of materials will follow without difficulty. This is a task in which Geneva may play a role.

COLLEGE STUDENTS, no matter from what favored circumstances in life they may come, are capable of appreciating the laboring man's point of view once they are compelled personally to face his problems. Thus it has proved with the members of the 1924 Rochester Industrial Service Group, composed of students from nine Eastern colleges who spent the past summer as laborers and factory workers and at the close of their experience declared:

> Whereas in the past college men have been engaging in industry under strike conditions without adequate knowledge of the true causes of the strike, and
>
> Whereas such actions by college men have caused many strikes to be lost for the workers, whose cause was absolutely justified, and
>
> Whereas such action by college men disturbs the feeling of fellowship between the college man and his industrial brother, creating suspicion and mistrust and breaking the bond of common fellowship in the interest of which we are working to establish better industrial relations,
>
> Be it Resolved that we, the members of the Rochester Industrial Service Group of 1924, hereby openly sympathize with the worker in his struggle for the betterment of labor, affirm our belief in the inalienable right of the worker to strike, and denounce the acts of college men who have in the past been instrumental in breaking strikes, and condemn strike breaking as an utter disregard of the workers' necessary struggle for a decent livelihood.

IS $500 A DAY a fair fee for a lawyer to charge? Answer (from the lawyers): Yes. The Interstate Commerce Commission raised the question lately in passing upon the reorganization expenses of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad, for which $2,364,249 was asked, including $750,000 for counsel fees. Of course any number of worthy counselors appeared on behalf of the reorganization managers to assure the commission that $500 a day was a modest sum for the services of any good lawyer. Yet these same men, we venture to say, are crying to high heaven against the imposition of having to pay a skilled mechanic $10 or $12 a day, and are convinced that President Coolidge was right in vetoing the bill to increase postal employees' salaries. They are also sure that railroad rates cannot be reduced without ruining the companies. Meanwhile reorganizations and receiverships continue to be a favorite method of milking American industry to the enrichment of a few executives and lawyers. All too often after a company has been reorganized the stockholder may about as well throw away his certificates and the public must be prepared to shoulder indefinitely a vast overhead of extravagance, if not of near robbery.

THE IRONY of elaborate and expensive campaigns to preserve the nation's health while at the same time automobiles are allowed to run wild through our streets, taking an increasing toll of life each year, is pointed out by the Life Extension Institute. "It is certainly discouraging for those engaged in public health work and preventive medicine," says a recent bulletin, "to find that the automobile is more deadly than the typhoid bacillus and that it even kills more people than alcohol does directly." The following tabulation showing the number of deaths in 1921 from certain causes in the United States Registration Area (comprising at that time 82 per cent of the population) is given:

Influenza	10,193
Automobile accidents	*10,168*
Typhoid fever	8,007
Angina pectoris	8,031
Cirrhosis of the liver	6,598
Alcoholism	1,611

Both the speed of automobiles and the deaths from them have been increasing progressively year by year. The death-rate per 100,000 from automobile accidents shows the following trend in the United States Registration Area:

1900-1910	1911-1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922
1.0	3.9	7.3	9.0	9.3	9.4	10.4	11.5	12.5

"Perhaps," suggests the Life Extension Institute, "the time will come when the manufacture of high-speed automobiles for pleasure purposes will be forbidden by law."

A KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN may still be a rare thing, but the study of it is in no danger of disappearing. So at least we conclude from the general report of the Classical Investigation financed by Mr. Rockefeller's General Education Board. From it we learn that 940,000 American pupils, or about one-fourth of the total enrolment, are studying the language in secondary schools and that 40,000 are continuing their study in colleges. A smaller but still considerable number, about 27,000, are engaged with Greek. In view of the fact that, in spite of this tremendous thumbing of dictionaries and conjugating of verbs, it is rather rare to find a man not a professed scholar who can do much more than translate a motto, the attention which the committee has devoted to teaching methods would seem to be extremely wise. Latin does aid the mastery of English, and so do other admirable things; but after all the chief reason for studying it is in order to read the treasures which it locks up. Yet for years the attempt to give an actual working knowledge of the language has grown more and more half-hearted, and the average student still reaches desperately for his dictionary when confronted with even simple prose.

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Get Out the Issues!

AN unusual nonpartisan movement has come into existence this year to "Get out the vote," as the slogan has it. Wholly distinct from the usual party appeal, the effort has the support of important organizations like the Federal Council of Churches and the League of Women Voters; of influential publications like *Collier's* and the *Literary Digest*. The leaders of the campaign have our respect; their motives are altogether praiseworthy. Yet we find ourselves quite without enthusiasm for the effort. Indeed we believe that it is on the wrong track.

The facts that have brought into existence this campaign to "Get out the vote" are beyond all question regrettable. In the last presidential election only 49 per cent of the qualified voters of the country actually cast ballots; only a minority of the electors took the trouble to go to the polls. Several facts crop out at once in explanation of this situation. Woman suffrage is one. It is well known that a multitude of women still take small interest in exercising their new right, although statistics are lacking to show how great a factor this is. Another reason for the small actual vote compared with the possible one lies in the total disfranchisement, despite the Constitution of the United States, of most of the Negroes in the South.

But neither of these explanations is sufficient. Neither, for instance, explains why there should have been a progressive falling off in the percentage of voters for the past quarter of a century. Woman suffrage did not affect any presidential election before that of 1920, while the Negroes of the South have suffered a fairly uniform disfranchisement since the seventies or eighties. Yet the Federal Council of Churches reports the following startling decline in the percentage of qualified voters going to the polls:

1896, 80 per cent.
1900, 73 per cent.
1908, 66 per cent.
1912, 62 per cent.
1920, 49 per cent.

Nor does a look at the figures by States give one any comfort. It is true that the percentages in the South are exceptionally low. In South Carolina, for instance, votes were cast in 1920 by only 8.5 per cent of the qualified voters; in Mississippi by 9.4 per cent; in Georgia by 10.5 per cent. Yet, turning to the North, one finds that in the native, white, Protestant State of Vermont (Calvin Coolidge's own birthplace) the percentage was only 45.2, while in Maine, another stronghold of old New Englandism, it was 46.9. Massachusetts came off but a little better, with 53.3 per cent, while the great Empire State showed 52.7 per cent. Even in the politically minded West the figures are disappointing. The percentage in California was 48.9. Colorado registered 56.1 per cent; Kansas, that stalwart believer in reform through legislation, showed 57.9 per cent. All these percentages, it should be emphasized, were in a presidential year, when interest is always at the peak. In the election of 1922 in Massachusetts the State officials were chosen by one-sixth of the electorate!

In the face of such a situation it is natural that the cry should go up: "Get out the vote!" The Federal Council of Churches is asking ministers everywhere to preach on the duty of voting. In New York City a proposal was even favored at a recent meeting of Republican clubs to disfranchise habitual non-voters. Now the privilege and right of voting is one that may properly receive emphasis at any time, but when it comes to compelling or even specially urging great masses of indifferent voters to go to the polls we believe that the result is likely to be harmful rather than otherwise. An unwilling or indifferent vote is a thoughtless one; it expresses no conviction or desire. The sponsors of the slogan "Get out the vote" have got the cart before the horse. The reason why Americans have been voting less and less in recent years is that there has been less and less to vote about. The deplorable figures marshaled by the Federal Council of Churches are striking confirmation of popular belief in the doctrine that *The Nation* has been preaching: that there has come to be no difference between the Republican and Democratic parties and that the vital issues before the country are dodged by both. We can hardly blame 51 per cent of the electorate in staying away from the polls in 1920, with a practical choice only between Harding and Cox. We advocated then a protest vote for one of the minority parties, but unfortunately the average American seems to lack the patience for that kind of political construction.

Happily the situation this year is different. At last the oneness of the two old parties, with their common straddling of the issues, has brought its inevitable consequence. The emergence of the Progressive Party not only gives the voter this year a chance to express himself on big, vital, critical issues, but it affords him the satisfaction of knowing that a ballot for La Follette and Wheeler is virtually sure to be effective, at least in throwing the election into Congress and thus compelling a new party alignment in the United States. It is such a new party alignment that the country needs, and whether one is a conservative or a radical he ought—if he believes in democracy—to welcome and work for a political re-formation which will give the people a chance to express themselves on fundamental issues. With that attained, there will be no need to urge voters to go to the polls.

It is this need for new party lines and issues that the backers of the campaign to "Get out the vote" ought to be concentrating upon. Conservatives ought to welcome a frank facing of the issues as keenly as liberals. Instead there is a determined effort in many quarters to cloud the situation by harping on the disadvantages of a "third party" in the American scheme of government. But even if our historic two-party system were the only workable arrangement, there would be no warrant whatever for supposing that the Progressive movement is, or is going to be, a "third party." There is no indication in the straw ballots that it has a smaller following than the Republicans and the Democrats, and if the significance of this campaign penetrates to the electorate, the death of either the Republican or the Democratic party, perhaps of one in some sections and of the other in other States, is foreordained.

The need of the hour is not to preach: "Get out the vote!" It is to demand: "Get out the issues!"

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Seven Million Dollars for Peace

FOURTEEN years ago Andrew Carnegie, seventy-five years old and eager to find some means of making his wealth serve the world, created the ten-million dollar Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The income of $500,000 a year was to be spent in work for "the speedy abolition of international war." About seven million dollars have already been spent; but very little seems to have been accomplished toward hastening the end of international war. Where has the enormous sum of money gone?

Arthur Ruhl, in the October *Survey Graphic*, tells how the money has been frittered away. Under the guidance of a group of eminent, but also eminently cautious, men (the average age of the board of trustees is 67) it has published a long list of important and authoritative documents, subsidized technical international law journals, and arranged international scholarships. The division of economics and history is publishing a monumental 150-volume economic history of the war, written for the most part by gentlemen in the various countries who waged the war and highly approved of it. The division of international law has burrowed into Roman law and has refurbished the writings of Grotius, Pufendorf, Bynkershoek, and Balthazar Ayala. This division offered its services to our State Department during the war, and assisted in the task of getting ready for the Treaty of Versailles. The third division, of intercourse and education, under the aegis of Nicholas Murray Butler, had an excellent record prior to the war, and has disgraced itself since. It sent an international commission to report on the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars, an extremely important piece of work which, owing to the sudden outbreak of the Great War, never received the credit which it deserved. It translated Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" into seven languages, and distributed it widely. It sent President Eliot on a mission of good-will to China.

But when the war came the Endowment—Mr. Butler's division more than the others—"endeavored," to use its own words, "to contribute what it could by taking a clear and definite position in favor of the active and relentless prosecution of the war to final victory." It abandoned work for peace, or even for a reasonable peace when peace came. Its pamphlets lost their authority and became mere Creelish propaganda; it even republished ridiculous red-bearded "Bolshevist Portraits" from the highly spiced columns of Lord Northcliffe's London *Times*. It translated Mr. Butler's unimportant remarks into Spanish as part of a library of American literature. It contributed £10,000 to help repair Westminster Abbey, $107,000 to help rebuild the Louvain library, and $150,000 to construct a model public square, fully equipped with shower-baths and bowling alleys, in the commune of Fargniers, somewhere in France. So expensive were these pursuits that it dropped the excellent work which Mr. Duggan was doing to assist international relations clubs in the colleges; but somehow or other the Endowment found funds to purchase a fine old eighteenth-century hotel to use as its headquarters in Paris. "A large court," its year-book notes, "gives light and air to the spacious rooms decorated in the style of Louis XV. . . . The building contains fifty-five rooms, large and small. . . . There is a terrace on the roof with sanded paths and shrubs from which a superb view of Paris and the Seine may be obtained."

"The speedy abolition of international war"! Mr. Carnegie's purpose seems strangely remote from these kindly but insignificant expenditures. The report on the first year's work which said that "any result short of a large and valuable one may well be disappointing" sounds bitter and ironic today. Seven million dollars has been poured out—and there is no prospect that future millions will be better spent.

It is, of course, no easy task to find ways of making the Carnegie millions work effectively for the abolition of war. But where is the evidence that these gentlemen have been eager to explore such paths as lie open? Their reports sound rather like the work of timid souls whose chief passion was to find ways of spending money which would safeguard them from attack. There is no harm in providing shower-baths for French peasants, but surely there are more significant ways of hastening the abolition of war. The World Peace Foundation of Boston, to which Mr. Ginn left a million dollars with a similar hope, has used its money to promote interest in the League of Nations and the World Court. One may disagree with it, but one respects its enthusiasm and energy. The Carnegie millions have probably done little harm; but one can hardly say more for them.

There was a time when a neutral conference might have shortened the war. Instead Mr. Butler turned the money to the "active and relentless prosecution" of what in those humorless days was called "the war to end war." Today the money goes into Louis XV palaces, with sanded paths and shrubs on the roof. If the trustees had courage, they might set on foot such a study of the causes of the World War as was made of the Balkan Wars. They might undertake an international campaign in behalf of compulsory arbitration. They might . . . but what's the use? They have squandered seven million dollars on harmless trifles, and fourteen years hence, doubtless, a still older group of trustees will report another seven million spent as timidly and with as little vision.

Shed a Tear for the Klan

WHILE most good citizens are rejoicing in the decline of the poor old Ku Klux Klan, should not a few of us pause to let fall a tear of joy in memory of one service rendered by that mystic and invisible empire? Doubtless many weighty charges may properly be laid at the glate of its klavern; but one argument may be adduced in its favor before the record is closed—that it helped, in its unwitting way, to save America from falling into the hands of a dictatorial fascism.

The war years, from 1917 to 1919, filled the souls of our regimentalists, military, political, and industrial, with a great joy: America was under discipline! That fact they were to remember later—with its poignant recall of some few brief and fleeting moments of great beauty. The so-called "peace years," from 1919 to 1921, were years of the Great Fear: fear of Russia and the revolution; fear of the alien; fear of the workers and the labor unions; fear of ideas—to follow the analysis of our fears made by S. K. Ratcliffe in the *Hibbert Journal*. In the presence of the Great Fear it seemed possible to retain the Great Discipline of the war years; or failing that, to find a new regimentation for our national life. "America must be saved!"

Meanwhile arose before our eyes the Great Example. As early as 1918 Mussolini, who had once had ideas and

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therefore knew the danger of them, began to organize the Fasci in Italy. He enrolled a million members, robed them in black shirts, gave them the symbol of ancient Rome, and early in 1922 was ready to declare war on all radicals and liberals—in the name of national discipline. "Democracy," said he, "has failed in Italy. This is the Day of the Dictatorship."

Many in America had the same great idea. "Constitutional Leagues" sprang up everywhere—offering by unconstitutional methods to uphold the Constitution. The Better America Federation wanted to fill all the jails on the West Coast; the National Security League waited the call on the East Coast. The desire to regulate other people's loyalties was well-nigh universal. Our attorneys general—Palmer and Daugherty both—specialized in Red Dangers.

Late in 1922 some heroic resident of heroic Boston organized the Sentinels of the Republic. Sentinels stand no nonsense. Yet for some reason, the "dictatorship" did not happen. The "great, ignorant mass" of the people went right on—as if the revolution were not at our doors. It seemed, at times, to some of our patriots, as if the country were scarcely worth saving!

Finally, in April, 1923, Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, who had sworn fluently in Flanders and elsewhere, came to the rescue. By this time Mussolini had made himself impregnable in Rome. Dawes dallied not with "sentinels." Harking back to our own ancient times, he organized his "minute men," gave them white cockades for their hats, put obedience into their souls, order into their ranks, and dared the enemies of the country to "come out and show themselves." That was a great day—that twenty-sixth of April, 1923.

Why did the dictatorship never come? Partly, at least, because of the Ku Klux Klan. As early as 1920 it had begun to exploit the Great Fear, to capitalize the American desire for discipline, to develop the technique of regulating other people's affairs, devoting special attention to those great undisciplined groups, the Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. The Klan had provided for its members a magniloquent set of names and titles; had clothed them in the self-righteousness of a white, Nordic, and Protestant god, and had put white-hooded robes on them to keep that self-righteousness unspotted from the world; it had done the typically American thing of selling shares in the enterprise at ten dollars per. It was anciently supposed that the Kingdom of Heaven was without price; but for a share in this specially reserved Nordic heaven ten dollars seemed ridiculously low.

Thus the Kluxers, two or three years ahead of all other would-be dictators, had introduced the dictatorship into private life without troubling to set up a visible government. They had skimmed the cream off the Great Fear, taken the profit out of the Great Discipline, irretrievably caricatured the Great Example. There was no chance for black shirts. Thousands of patriots were already parading in the nobler white robes, enforcing discipline by night, terrorizing communities, smashing the laws in the name of "The Law." No other performance could possibly compete with this in existence; no other fascism could win the limelight.

So, Gentle Reader, drop a tear of gratitude; the Klan took the cash, and beat all the other "sentinels" and "minute men" and extra-legal defenders of their own interpretations of America. For such service, real, if unintentional, who would deny the tribute of a tear?

Officers or Gentlemen?

PERHAPS—only perhaps—the ultimate absurdity in censorship has been reached. The Mayor of New York, upon receiving the other day a complaint from officers of the navy and the Marine Corps that a new and very successful play, "What Price Glory?", tended to bring ridicule and reproach upon the United States army, promptly invited a major general and a rear admiral to sit in judgment on the piece. To the obvious question raised by the *Evening World* and other papers—What right have the objects of a satire to pass upon the right of that satire to live, and in particular what necessity is there for generals and admirals to be called in as critics of literature?—Mr. Hylan replied with a beautiful piece of official logic: "Do you object to such a procedure? Would you go to a lawyer if your heart was bad; and would you go to a physician if you were anxious to ascertain whether you had deliberately libeled an honest citizen?" Of course not. Nor would you go to Ed Wynn and the Dolly Sisters with a request that they stand and review your army. You go to a physician if your heart is bad, and you go either to the critics or to the people if your play is said to be bad. In the present case both the critics and the people had pronounced the patient sound. The reviewers were clamorous in their praise, and as for the audiences—it is sufficient to say that the censors had to buy their seats from speculators.

Needless to record, the objections to "What Price Glory?" were not only irrelevant but childish. The scene of the play is a marine encampment in France, and the characters, both officers and men, are gloriously rough-spoken; incidentally they manifest greater interest in a French barkeeper's daughter than they do in the abstract principle of democracy or the autonomy of small states. The offended officials, who might be pardoned for their ignorance of the fact that anybody knows the army to be the source and center of picturesque swearing, but who must be aware that headlines were once full of Go-to-hell-Whittlesey and are now full of Hell-and-Maria Dawes, were pained to find "the words hell, Jesus, damn, etc., used continually"—though almost in the same breath they expressed their outrage because General Pershing's military police in Paris were called "Sunday-school boys" and the members of the intelligence division were called "damned Bible scholars." All this, together with the picture of uproar and confusion at the front which the play presented, the martial critics feared would stop recruiting. After seeing the performance, the rear admiral is reported to have said, "no mother would allow her son to enter army or marine life." Perhaps not; but what of the orphaned youths who might be won to this pell-mell, robust existence—surely a more attractive one than that to be found on any marine poster, where stiff, smiling boys in choke-collars stand on duty under remote, improbable palm trees?

After all, why is the military so sensitive? Is it afraid that there will never be another war, when laughter can be stopped by law and patriotism be summoned to sit on satire? For four loud years it had its innings. It strutted and bluffed until all but a few were frightened. Now can it not sink decently into its back seat?

It has long been known that soldiers have no sense of humor; must it be added that they do not even know where they belong?

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Ted Jr.

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

Merits

HE is extremely industrious. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he has worked almost without vacation. He is helped as a worker by the happy fact that he frequently, or perhaps habitually, eats no lunch. In place of lunch he can play a game of squash and return to his desk. He has given his job at Washington a high degree of steady, staunch service.

He is frank. He frankly enjoys public life. He does not pretend that he has to be coaxed into it. He does not say: "If my fellow-citizens insist—" He virtually says: "If my fellow-citizens will let me—" Feeling that way about it, he does not talk any other way. He is not mealy-mouthed.

Frankly and earnestly desiring to be a public man, he works as hard at politicianeering as he has worked at administering. He does not give politics the silly slight of taking it superciliously or casually. Since he wishes to be in public life, and since politics is the avenue to public life, he takes politics seriously and attentively. He is not that hazardous thing—a politician amateur. He is a professional.

He has ideas for which he is willing to do battle.

Disbelieving in the injunction which Attorney General Daugherty brought against the railroad shopcraft strikers in 1922, he opposed it in discussions inside the Cabinet and outside the Cabinet. He did not oppose it tentatively. He opposed it flatly and outrightly and completely.

Thinking that labor should have a higher status, he has not hesitated before audiences of employers to defend the claim made by certain organizations of labor to a voice in the management of industry.

Believing in free speech he has picked out boil-'em-in-oil Republican clubs as suitable arenas for addresses by him unreservedly in favor of free speech—of free speech really free and utterly untrammeled.

Detesting religious intolerance, he has sought audiences of Masons to listen to his denunciations of the Ku Klux Klan.

Finding that people who agree with him about labor and about free speech do not so much agree with him about national defense, he makes strong speeches to them in favor of national defense.

Finding that people who agree with him about national defense do not so much agree with him about labor and free speech, he harangues them in favor of labor and in favor of free speech with special delighted zeal.

While not ready to die for every idea that he holds, he is ready to do battle for certain of his ideas firmly and unremittingly.

Working within the Republican Party, he conceives it to be his task to choose points on which the Republican Party can be made more "liberal."

He brings to politics and to government a mind well disciplined and well stored. He reads. He studies.

Finally, he is cultivated. He reads *belles lettres* as well as economics and politics. He can quote Praed and Father Prout aptly. He has incessant humor of his own. He is not a mere political specialist without a background. He centers on politics from a quite spacious rounding of the humanities.

Faults

HE is gladiatorial. He likes to dazzle the populace with his sword-play. He likes to be crowned with olives and laurels and palms and all other growths with which crowning is done.

He will not often in public affairs do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. He is extremely far from mediæval Christian prayer for deserving being known and remaining unknown.

He has a pagan love of glory and of fame.

Along with patriotism, he has egoism. Along with an heroic disregard for the pains and penalties of the march toward fame, he has a demonic passion for the march.

Marching, he sometimes is too careless as to who they are that march with him.

He was careless about Albert B. Fall.

That Roosevelt would knowingly have hurt the navy by any harmful disposition of its oil supplies would seem to be a contradiction in terms. The word Roosevelt and the phrase national defense are identicalities. Even if it might be thought that Roosevelt would go over to the Treasury Department and steal a bar of gold bullion, it would remain unthinkable that he would knowingly hurt the navy or the army or the national guard or the boy scouts. Any part of national defense is dearer to Roosevelt than—I will not say his life; for that would be with him a small matter; but than—his ambition.

His fault in the naval oil-reserve matter was that he accepted a political and personal close acquaintanceship with Mr. Fall and did not watch Mr. Fall closely enough for possible scandals likely to be produced by Mr. Fall's notorious anti-conservationism.

Mr. Fall was an anti-Leaguer. So was Roosevelt. Mr. Fall had views of labor that led him to oppose the Daugherty injunction. So had Roosevelt. There were many links of congeniality between the old man and the young man. The young man marched on while the old man and Mr. Denby signed leases which, however technically defensible by certain sorts of oil experts, were clouded by circumstances which the young man should have penetrated.

The fault was a fault of excessive easiness in acquaintanceship. Senator Walsh of Montana acquitted Roosevelt of crime. Roosevelt is not charged with crime. He is charged with having missed an opportunity positively—and spectacularly—to defend the public domain on behalf of Rooseveltian unrelenting conservation. When he reflects that it might have been done spectacularly, he must indeed be repentant of his error and be minded never to repeat it.

He has to please the many. Between pleasing the many and pleasing the few, all moral considerations being equal, he will always twiddle his fingers at the few and turn to the "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" of the many.

Trustful friendship will depart from him with his youth. There will remain ambition, patriotic, egoistic, serving self, serving the state, meriting well of the republic, with merits crowned by the many.

Aristocrat and militarist they call him now. Gladiator and demagogue a different "they" will ultimately call him.

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Canada's Publicly Owned Electrical Power

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

"GOOD morning, Judge." It is the *Hydro News* of July, 1924, Canada's tiniest monthly, speaking. The "judge" addressed is the citizen of Winnipeg. Winnipeg has a public electric-light plant and a private plant. The private plant has been hard pressed of late by its public competitor. Its promoters didn't like it and wrote a scathing rebuke, accusing the Hydro Commission of besmirching the fair name of Winnipeg, of hindering the city's growth. The *Hydro News*, official organ of the municipal plant, thus replies:

> "Unfair competition"—to supply current in your home at the lowest rate on the continent; "hurtful publicity"—to advertise in every corner of the earth that any private enterprise locating in Winnipeg is not at the mercy of the Power Monopoly, but is guaranteed a dependable abundance of electrical energy at the cheapest rates in North America; "Reactionary force that Hampers and Hinders"—to keep a system at highest efficiency, to increase its capacity four-fold, to lay by reserves of four millions of dollars out of earnings, to save citizens sixteen millions of dollars in rates, to build the first Central Heating Plant in Canada? Hurtful publicity? Reactionary force Hampering and Hindering?
>
> Citizens, *you are the judge.*

This reply gives in a nutshell the startling results of Winnipeg's experiment in the generation and distribution of hydro-electric power during the past dozen years. Until 1906 the citizens of Winnipeg had been paying about 20 cents per kilowatt hour for electricity for domestic lighting purposes. They felt that this was too much. They voted to build their own plant at the Point du Bois, some seventy miles from the city. No sooner had this decision been reached than down went the price charged by the private company one-half. It was announced: "The rates henceforth for domestic lighting will be ten cents per kilowatt hour."

This reduction shelves the municipal plant, thought the company, for good and all. But the people went ahead and built their plant. The plant was opened in 1911. Instead of ten cents the charge was 3½ cents per k.w.h. During the war everything in Winnipeg increased in price except electricity. Following the war, in 1922, the price was still further reduced, an average charge of one cent being made for electrical heating in the home. This made an average for lighting and heating of 2½ cents per k.w.h. As a result of this rate, and of an extraordinary promotion campaign, the municipal Power Commission of Winnipeg now supplies 7,000 electrical ranges in that city with heat, the average electrical cooking bill being but $2.82 net per month. Winnipeg has the proud reputation of harboring more electrical ranges than any other city in the world.

Nor have the low rates led to bankruptcy. By January, 1924, the citizens of Winnipeg had in their possession a plant costing $13,000,000, with a potentiality of 100,000 horse-power. The total reserves now approximate 25 per cent of the assets of $17,681,000 and are equivalent to one-third of the money invested in the property.

In addition there has been a revenue surplus of over $337,000. The plant pays its municipal taxes, while its contribution to the Pension Fund and the Workmen's Compensation Board exceeded, in 1923, $30,000. And throughout its career the commission has shown an initiative and enterprise in the development of all phases of its work which many sage economists attribute only to private profiteers.

But Winnipeg's experiment in public ownership of hydro-electric power plants is a mere bagatelle when compared with the stupendous development in Ontario, a development which includes within its scope some 360 cities and towns. During the closing years of the last century groups of citizens in various parts of Ontario woke up to the fact that the industrial and agricultural life of the province had a remarkable chance for development. That development, however, depended primarily on the province's ability to obtain an adequate supply of power at low cost. The province was without coal resources, but Niagara Falls was at its very doors. How best could hydro-electric energy be secured from the Niagara River and distributed to the people? The anthracite strike of 1902, which placed in jeopardy many of Canada's industries, brought this question to the forefront of public discussion. The following year seven municipalities appointed an investigating committee to make a survey of the entire situation. The committee reported in 1906, and in this same year the provincial fathers appointed the now famous Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario with unusual authority—with power to buy outright or hold shares in existing electric plants; power to acquire land, water privileges, and water-power machinery; power to generate and distribute electrical energy to the people of the province. But it did more than appoint a commission. It appointed as chairman of the commission the most active advocate of publicly owned hydro-electric power in Canada, a man of indomitable will and energy and of rare singleness of purpose—Adam, now Sir Adam Beck.

The commission began its career by supplying to thirteen municipalities a small initial load of less than 1,000 horse-power. It first purchased its electrical energy from one of the already existing private companies, the Ontario Power Company. By 1914 the small load of 1,000 horse-power had increased to 77,000, and by 1917 the commission found it necessary to make an outright purchase of the Ontario Power Company with its 160,000 horse-power, and subsequently (1920) of the Toronto Power Company with its plant of 125,000 horse-power—two of the three big power plants on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

These hydro-electric plants are within a stone's throw of Niagara Falls. The water, taken from the Niagara River above the falls, has a drop of somewhat over a hundred feet before reaching the turbines. The commission soon came to the conclusion that this did not make for the most effective use of the available water-power, as the total fall of the Niagara River from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is more than 300 feet.

Sir Adam Beck and his coworkers thus set about the problem of utilizing the greatest possible amount of total fall and at the same time of supplying the demand which they felt would inevitably result in the not distant future. They built an intake structure above Niagara Falls at

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Chippawa. For a distance of one and a half miles they deepened and widened the Welland River from Chippawa to Montrose. They then cut through a canal over eight miles to Queenston, excavating in so doing some seventeen million cubic feet of rock and earth, and lining the canal throughout with concrete. Then came the triangular forebay, into which the water rushed from the canal; the tubes, into which the forebay emptied, and the great turbines of the power house, 305 feet below, situated in the power house on the edge of the river at the bottom of the gorge. The Chippawa-Queenston development is the greatest single hydro-electric development in the world. Even its opponents are forced to pronounce it a "wonderful conception."

Since commencing operations the commission has also purchased no less than twenty water-powers, thirty hydraulic generating plants, and over sixty electrical distributing stations; operations which, when fully developed, will have a potentiality of 1,000,000 horse-power. The "hydro" cities which have come into partnership with the provincial commission have increased from a mere handful in 1906 to 360 in 1924, while the number of horse-power actually distributed to these cities has jumped from 1,000 to nearly 700,000. The property owned by the public is now valued at the colossal sum of $250,000,000. And still the operations of the commission and of the partner municipalities grow. Even now plans are being laid for the development of the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River with its 800,000 potential horse-power.

The partnership plan between the provincial commission and the municipalities is a unique one. An Ontario city council decides to distribute electricity to its citizens. It writes to the commission. It asks that one of the commission's experts be sent to the town to estimate the cost of installing a local distributing system. The estimate is given. The municipality issues bonds to cover the cost of its local system, the bonds to be retired in twenty or thirty years, and contracts with the commission for the transmission of electricity at cost to the city limits.

The local distributing system is built under the supervision of the commission. The municipalities have complete control over the local distribution, charging a rate approved by the commission. The commission in turn has charge of the building of central plants and transmission lines to the borders of municipalities, and of securing the capital required for construction purposes from the Provincial Government. The charge made by the commission to the cities covers not only the actual expense involved in generating and transmitting electrical energy, but a sum for depreciation, for interest on its loans, and for a sinking fund for the retirement of its bonds. The enterprise is thus made to pay for itself without imposing a burden on the taxpayer. If, at the end of the year, it is found that the commission has charged the municipalities more than is necessary to pay the cost of operation, a refund is made to them.

Has this public enterprise made good? It has had its bitter opponents. A few years ago they were in control of the legislature. They appointed an investigating commission, known as the Gregory Commission. This body spent a half-million dollars sending their agents all over the province. On March 13, 1924, it made public a summary of its report. The summary began:

> The principle of public ownership of water-powers of the province and their development by the people, for the people is, in our opinion, fundamentally sound and should be maintained at all hazards in its full integrity. . . . That the organization of the commission is financially sound there is not a shadow of a doubt. The engineering department of the commission is made up of men of high professional qualifications as engineers, and as such they are serving the commission zealously and efficiently. The various plants of the commission are exceptionally well operated by them.

The Ontario undertaking has meant a saving of millions of dollars to the consumer. Sir Adam Beck maintained before the Public Ownership League Conference last year that it had already saved no less than $100,000,000 to the people of the province in reduced charges alone. The residence charge for lighting per k.w.h. in twelve of the large cities in the province varied in 1923 anywhere from 1.1 to 2.6 cents. The charge in Toronto, ninety miles from the falls, was 2.1 cents; in London, 132 miles away, 1.6 cents. In nine out of twelve of the chief cities electricity for domestic lighting purposes may be bought for less than two cents per k.w.h. Before the days of the "hydro," residents in these cities were paying anywhere from seven cents to twenty-five cents per k.w.h., over three times the present charge. In 1922 in only one city containing more than 1,000 consumers was the charge more than five cents. And yet the "hydro" municipalities were able in 1923 to set aside a surplus of over $1,000,000.

The advantages of "hydro" are not confined to the housewives in industrial centers. "Hydro" has been a real factor in lightening the burden on the farms. In an effort to bring electricity to the farmer, the Provincial Government has voted to pay 50 per cent of the cost of all construction of rural lines. On many a farm in Ontario one finds not only the housewife enjoying a new emancipation with her various electrical appliances, but the farmer easing his strenuous existence by means of electrical milking machines and cream separators and water pumps and churns, saws, threshers, etc. The monthly bill for the "lighter farm service" ranges between $6 and $8. In few of the farm communities where "hydro" has gone would a private corporation have ventured. There is no immediate money in it.

The Ontario development has brought into the hands of the people a great property valued at more than $250,000,000, a property which will have been fully paid for in the course of a generation, with little or no direct tax on the people. Over fifty municipalities have even now piled up surpluses equal to their capital obligations and are virtually out of debt. When the bonded debt in the cities is paid off, the charge for electricity can be further reduced.

The undertaking has been operated without the graft which almost inevitably attends the leasing or selling of public resources to private individuals. The recent investigating body gave high praise to the financial methods employed by the commission and failed to discover any evidence of dishonest dealings. The commission has shown unusual energy and imagination in its operations. Too great initiative, not too little, has been the chief charge against it.

The commission has made mistakes—mistakes in estimating costs of building plants, mistakes in the amount placed aside for the retirement of bonds, mistakes in the handling of labor and legislators; but, when all has been said and done, its work and that of its cooperating municipalities have demonstrated conclusively the great advantages of public over private ownership and administration of the sources and distribution of electrical energy.

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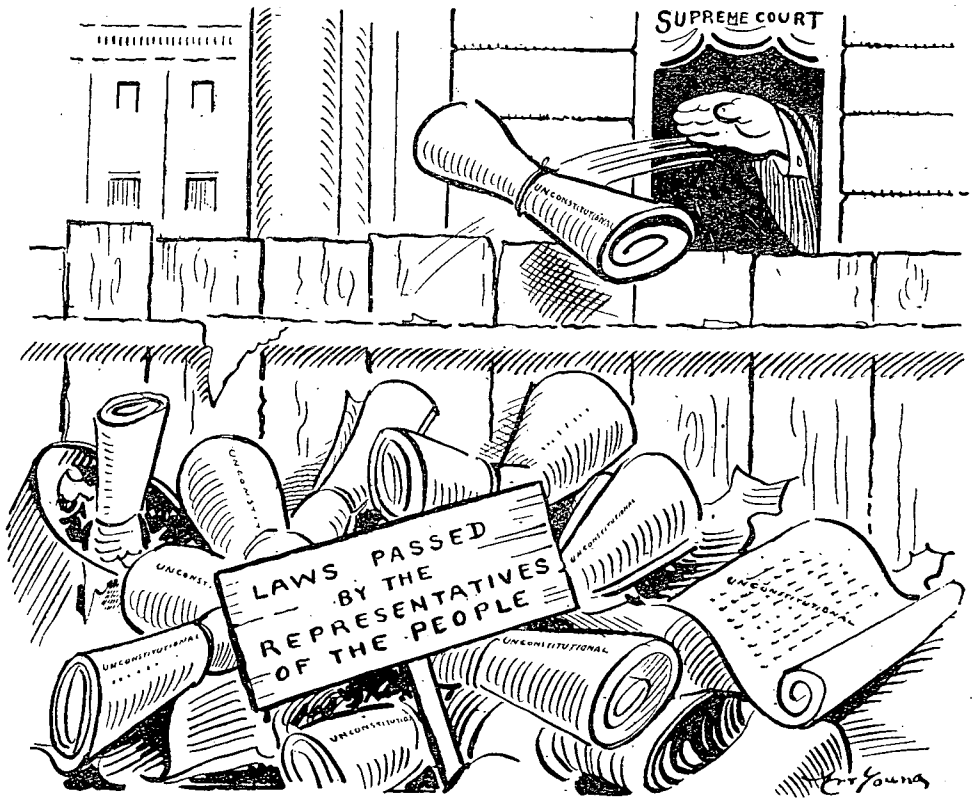
Looking On

by

Art Young



The Supreme Court's Back Yard

The Misfit

A Village Doctor

He gets a reputation for wisdom through seldom saying anything

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The Greased Wheels of Diplomacy

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, August 26

CHERCHEZ LE PÉTROLE has become as universal and inevitable an explanation of the comedies and tragedies of international relations as *Cherchez la femme* is of human relations. The question of Japanese recognition of Russia, involving as it does a new alignment of political forces in the Far East, is purely a question of oil. Japan, fortunately, is quite cynical about the matter. Tokio statesmen make no hypocritical effort to clothe themselves in a mantle of high-sounding phrases. If you want peace on the Pacific and our recognition, they say to Moscow, you must give us the oil of Sakhalin.

Four countries and one private party are interested in Sakhalin oil: Russia, which owns the oil; Japan, which wants the oil; Harry F. Sinclair, who has a concession for it; Great Britain, which supports a rather flimsy pre-war claim of the Shell Company; and the United States.

Nippon troops occupied Northern Sakhalin (Southern Sakhalin was ceded to Japan as a result of the Russo-Japanese War) in July, 1920, on the pretext of the alleged Nikolaiev massacre. The occupation is a rather unsavory morsel for our State Department. Secretary Colby protested against it. On May 31, 1921, Mr. Hughes told the Mikado's Government that we could "neither now nor hereafter recognize as valid any claims and titles arising out of the present occupation and control." (Mr. Hughes does not restrict his diplomatic support to the Standard Oil Company.) This position Mr. Hughes made even more emphatic at the Washington Arms Conference. When Baron Sidehara said that "the military occupation of the Russian province of Sakhalin is only a temporary measure and will naturally come to an end as soon as a satisfactory settlement of the question shall have been arranged with an orderly Russian Government," Mr. Hughes went further:

> The American delegation [he said] has also noted the assurance of Japan by her authorized spokesman that it is her fixed and settled policy to respect the territorial integrity of Russia, and to observe the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of that country, as well as the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in every part of the Russian possessions. . . . The assurances are taken to mean that Japan does not seek . . . to set up an exclusive exploitation of the resources of Sakhalin.

Mr. Hughes's interest in the open door to oil resources has always been exceedingly keen. There is, of course, more than that to it. It is America's traditional policy to keep Japan out of Siberia, and Sakhalin is not only part of Siberia but it controls the entrance to the Amur River, which drains a large and rich section of Russia's Asiatic continent.

When Mr. Hughes returned from Europe this summer it was reported that he would devote much of his attention to the Far Eastern situation. The "Far Eastern situation" must mean to him China's recognition of Russia and Japan's threatening recognition of Russia. The secretary can attempt to throw a wrench into the workings of the one (for instance, by thwarting the joint Sino-Soviet operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway) and to prevent the other. But it is probably too late to effect the fate of the road, while as regards Japan he is between the devil and the deep sea. If he persuades Tokio to refuse Russia recognition he aids Japan in maintaining the occupation against which he himself has protested and which is not in America's interests; if he abstains from interfering he helps Soviet Russia, his *bête noire,* and contributes toward the isolation of the United States in the Far East. With China in an intense anti-America, anti-imperialist mood, with anti-Americanism growing in Japan, and with Russia under the anathema of our unrelenting Secretary of State, it would be small wonder indeed if both yellow nations were drawn more and more toward Russia. And in the ever-recurring friction between the United States and Japan, Russia, as a high official of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs recently said to me, would under present conditions maintain a benevolent attitude toward Japan. Mr. Hughes may be proud of his record in office: he has alienated China, Russia, and Japan.

But for oil, Japan would already have recognized Russia. All other disputed points have been settled. Japan has admitted that sooner or later it must leave Northern Sakhalin. And Russia is prepared to give Japan a concession for oil the moment the evacuation is completed. Oil is a life-or-death question for the Nipponese navy. The archipelago itself has no appreciable petroleum resources and Japan has been buying most of its supply in California. This, obviously, is an undesirable procedure. Recently Japanese agents put in an appearance in Persia, where they probably learned to their sorrow that the Anglo-Persian and Sinclair had preceded them, and in Rumania, where the Standard Oil will probably manage to fence them off. Sakhalin thus becomes Japan's best and almost only bet.

The military cliques in Tokio would gladly keep Sakhalin for themselves. But the pressure of their own people and the odium of the world plus what is more important—the desire to keep Russia as a friend—has reconciled them and their Government to modified ownership in the form of a concession granted by Moscow.

The details of this concession are now the only bar to Japanese evacuation of Sakhalin and to Japanese recognition of Russia. For Russia the problem is complicated by the presence of the Sinclair Oil Company. In January, 1923, the Soviet Government finally approved an oil-and-gas concession to the Sinclair company in Northern Sakhalin. It virtually gives Sinclair monopoly rights. Obviously, however, if Sinclair insists on the fulfilment of his contract he will get nothing, for should Karakhan say to Yoshizawa, the Japanese envoy in Peking, "We cannot give you a concession because all the oil has been promised to Sinclair," Yoshizawa would reply, "Let Sinclair come and get it. We shall not evacuate." Accordingly Moscow has proposed a tripartite arrangement between Russia, Sinclair, and Japan. This suggestion was first made public in a leading editorial in the *Izvestia,* the official organ of the Soviet Government. Mr. Veach, the vice-president, and Mason Day, the European representative of the Sinclair Oil, came to Moscow

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several weeks ago to discuss this question with officials here. To be sure, these clever gentlemen tried to tell journalists that the editorial in the *Izvestia* did not express the views of the Government and that they knew nothing of a tripartite proposal, but I have it from a prominent member of the Foreign Office collegium that when Messrs. Veach and Day left the bolshevik capital several days ago they were fairly well satisfied that Sinclair would have to accept the proposal, especially since the Government has the right, according to the same official, to cancel the Sinclair concession on the ground that the company has not lived up to some of its technical requirements.

Meantime, Karakhan laid the tripartite proposal before Yoshizawa. Yoshizawa rejected it and presented a counter-proposal. Japan, he said, wants a monopoly concession for ninety-nine years. It will pay Russia 5 per cent of the oil produced. (Persia gets 16 per cent from the Anglo-Persian.) Moreover, and this is the most impossible of these impossible demands, Japan insists on the suspension in Sakhalin of Soviet labor laws. Russia, of course, flatly refused the offer, and Yoshizawa sent to Tokio for further instructions. This is the state of affairs today.

However, it is the general view here that a compromise agreement on the basis of the tripartite proposal will soon be effected and that de jure recognition will follow it. In fact, there is a suspicion in some quarters that Japan has already begun a slow and secret evacuation of Sakhalin. The Tokio Cabinet has nothing to gain from continued occupation but enmity in Russia and disfavor at home. Evacuate they must. They are committed to it. It remains only to haggle over the price. For a while Japan gambled on Russia's diplomatic position in Europe. Would the Anglo-Soviet conference fail? Would the Russo-German conflict end in disaster and humiliation for the Bolsheviks? Would Herriot rebuff Moscow? Japan would then be able to strike a better bargain on the Pacific. Accordingly Japan engaged in the well-known game of killing time. Yoshizawa has been commuting between Peking and Tokio. No sooner does Karakhan ask him a question than he runs to his capital "for instructions." And on one occasion he even went on an excursion to Sakhalin, ostensibly to discover whether evacuation was feasible. But the cards are apparently stacked against Japan, and the yellow statesmen may make haste in order to anticipate a further unfavorable turn of events. In every respect time is on the side of Russia.

Still, as Radich, the Croat leader, once said, militarists are always stupid and the worse their position grows the more stupid they become. Those in Tokio may protract the negotiations with Russia until cold weather makes evacuation impossible. Then the troops will have to remain until next spring. What useful purpose such tactics may serve it is difficult to imagine, for, at present, very little oil is being taken out of the island.

The Chinese Student Mind

By PEARL S. BUCK

IT is a common human failing to believe that the particular group of people upon whom one is voluntarily expending one's chief energies are necessarily the most interesting and worth-while folk in the world. I stand sometimes before one of my classes of ninety-odd Chinese college students and am almost convinced that they are a band of young Gideons. I seem to see unquenchable fires in their eyes and a determination in their young faces which warms my heart, cold after so many years of contact with Oriental habits of squeeze and face-saving. I find myself repeating that old Israelitish war-cry: "Surely the Lord and the sword of Gideon can do it."

Yet in saner moments I am quite well aware that to an unprejudiced Occidental eye these young men would appear rather a lack-luster group. They are seldom beautiful, physically, and they run to stoop shoulders and adenoids and a general tendency to snuffling colds in the head. They have a deplorable inclination to a complete blankness of mind and facial expression, especially when called upon to recite, and their English is at once pathetic and extremely delightful. Nevertheless, as I grow into something approaching a closer understanding of these young persons and others like them I begin to be more deeply convinced than ever of their essential importance in the scheme of things in China today, and through China to the world.

They are told so, often enough, in all conscience. Every great or near-great man from the West who is asked to lecture to them thunders forth that the students are the hope of China, and then goes on to hint tactfully or otherwise of his grave fears that the hope is but a weak reed unless, etc., etc. Well, they are the hope of China, of course. But it seems to me from where I sit in the gallery of our little college chapel that the set of their backs is rather drooping and their upturned faces a little anxious as they listen. I wonder if secretly they do not grow a little weary, sometimes, with the weight of this amorphous, floundering, old country forever being thrown upon their slender and inexperienced shoulders. Anyway, I wish these successful and famous men from the prosperous West would speak less often of poor, old China's faults and hopeless failures, and would send forth to these young people a more heartening message of courage for the future.

For the preeminent need of the Chinese student of this generation is encouragement.

Perhaps if the minds of these students could be dissected we should find that they could be classified into three fairly distinct stages of development: first, a complete bewilderment with the modern trend of affairs; second, a profound depression and pessimism; and third, a bitter determination to win somehow in the end and wrest at least a sort of order out of the chaos we call China.

I suppose a great many of them never get beyond the first stage. I am afraid to think how many, lest I be discouraged too, and give them all up and go to making my fortune somewhere. Anyway a lot of them. They get altogether bemazed in the sort of world in which they find themselves. Their rather slow minds are not able to digest or even grasp a tenth of the scintillating modern ideas presented to them at every turn; and after a brief period of struggle they subside into a quiescent state and become absorbed in the minuteness of daily living and pleasures. From then on they never more concern themselves with either the good or the evil of the times into which their country has fallen, except as such times affect their own

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daily bowls of rice and the roof above their heads, and whether or not they can maintain their "face" by buying a silk gown at New Year.

Such as these are found everywhere; some are thin and ill-clad, contriving this way and that to get a better-paying job with a minimum of work attached, and stooping to anything. Others, having stooped more successfully, grow portly and bestial, and one may see their like on the streets in any Chinese city, waddling out of a handsomely carved gateway and then being propelled from the rear by a lackey into a chair or carriage or even an automobile. Their thick bodies are encased in heavy brocaded satins and exquisite furs, and their fat hands are soft and pulpy like unwholesome white spiders. "Their god is their stomach."

Here is the tragedy which every true teacher fears may befall him: that for a lifetime devoted to his high calling he will see in spite of himself only these empty husks of human beings for his harvest!

Perhaps no one, save those who have grown up in China and remember what China was and can perceive just how much of the old China is still here, can have any real conception of the difficulties which beset the students here just now. They are caught as helpless victims between the impact of two totally different civilizations. Their parents have taught them one set of values. They have been trained in the conservatism, obedience, and dependence of the old patriarchal system of family life. From birth it has been impressed upon them that they are Chinese and males and therefore invincibly superior. They have always been given special privileges as males, and have therefore received the best possible education, the best possible clothes and perquisites which the family finances could procure, and, in addition, anything else they could reasonably demand or unreasonably desire. They are imbued with the comfortable conviction that they are promising young citizens of the Middle Kingdom of the World.

Since it is a widespread belief and a fact, I think, that a modern education is advisable if one is to be in the financial game in China today, these young sprigs are sent to school, and they pour in hordes into any school that teaches English. Then comes the shock. They come with all the inheritance and training of calm, indolent, arrogant, and self-satisfied old China. Straightway there falls upon them a modern civilization which does not at all admire the old, and which is nervous, tense, energetic, and iconoclastic.

A thousand new and astounding ideas pull them every which way—ideas which are apparently quite irreconcilable with those with which their minds have been previously furnished. They are deluged with Bolshevism; not by their teachers, to be sure, but by all the insidious forces of the red flag working indefatigably in the schools here nowadays.

They hear, on the other hand, the missionary proclaiming his religion as the only hope for a degenerate China. Yet it seems to them almost impossible to find out what the essential principles of Christianity are, for they vary, apparently, with different schools of thought. Many of the students in mission institutions get a vague idea that all Westerners are Christians and that the Western countries are Edens of pure delight. Then, here in the port cities, they see those white people who live so besottedly that one hates to call them human beings for the sake of the rest of us. Or along comes the Great War and international jealousies and land-grabbing, and the student begins to see what spheres of influence really are, and indemnities and retributive measures and all the rest of it. He finds out that America, *even America*, is pouring morphine into China through Japan; and England, not to be left behind, is hastening with extra supplies of opium; and, after all, cigarettes are more successful than the Gospel. He is bewildered.

He who has always been taught the sacredness of family unity and the desirability of posterity hears for the first time that China, "this vast, fertile paradise," as one of my young students put it in his patriotic fervor, is actually overpopulated and that birth control is the only saving principle. He sees with bulging eyes the peculiar marital relationships of many visitors from the West, who to all appearances are educated, cultured, *accepted*. He becomes yet more bewildered. Indeed, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, the inevitable reaction against the old constrictions, the desire for a really workable code of morals and social contacts, is, of course, as commonly agitated here as in the most modern country of the West—perhaps more so—and is having no small part in the perplexities of the student consciousness in China at present. They realize that their own system of segregation and compulsory marriage is far from ideal. They dislike the idea of enforced polygamy.

"Oh, that American marriage law to be in China!" exclaims one young junior in his weekly theme. "That Chinese could only one wife! Thusly we could have a considerable family calmness in the Chinese home, because too many wifes makes a family eloquence."

Yet a week later he came to my office in trouble to find out if a statement of the divorce situation in the United States which he had seen in a paper was true. If so, then something was wrong there too. There was nothing to tell him but the truth, and he went away surprised and perplexed.

Again, to these students, fresh from the old-fashioned treatment of women in their homes, to whom the touch of a decent girl's hand has been impossible and unthought of—to these students comes the shock of the modern dance. It is rather disheartening that out of all the richness of our American life this debated thing, the modern dance, should be brought back by the returned students. I cannot pretend to judge whether or not dancing as it is done today is a profitable pastime in the West. I have been away far too many years for that. But I do know that it is desperately dangerous for these Chinese lads, who have not had the slightest experience of contact with the opposite sex to prepare them, and whose puzzled souls are balanced perilously enough as it is between the right and wrong of things.

Mah jong is probably neither better nor worse morally than a hundred other games, but it has always been associated with evil in China, at least. "A Chinese family who possesses a set of mah jong is considered questionable," declared a Chinese friend one day, an educated and cultured gentleman, who was as astonished as the callowest student over the recent craze among foreigners.

It is not to be marveled at, then, that among all these contradictory leaderships and ideas the credulous student is utterly befogged. And, as if that were not enough, he is administered Western education in solid and undiluted lumps. Foreign methods, foreign religion, foreign culture and customs are ladled out to him in a totally unadapted form. Said one of my pupils, quaintly, the other day: "So

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far as I have heard, God has built His country in America for many years, but still American life is very indigestible to us. Why is this?"

Why, indeed! It will take more than the stoutest digestion, I fear, to accomplish the assimilation.

Each year I watch sorrowfully the mental and spiritual deaths. I meet their bodies sometimes, later, as plump money lenders or pompous magistrates; but we seldom recognize each other, for the lad I knew in each was not strong enough to live and it is too keen a pain to see only the earthy flesh left.

This is why I rejoice when out of the bewildered ones emerge a smaller group of those who are able to struggle through even to so discouraging a thing as pessimism. Healthy pessimism in the young sometimes results in a right-about-face and a new start.

It is certainly not to be disputed that the Chinese students today are deeply affected by a prevailingly pessimistic state of mind. With some this is expressed in an unwonted recklessness and indulgence in hitherto forbidden habits and pleasures and dissipations: a *carpe diem* sort of philosophy to which the young anywhere are especially prone. With others it has resulted in a wounded national pride and a sullen refusal to acknowledge or even see national or individual faults; and in some cases there is even a distinct anti-foreign feeling. With a blessed, chosen few it has resulted in a facing of facts and a wholesome humbling of spirit and a determination to get the best they can from the West and keep the best they have of their own.

There are, however, four distinct causes for this present attitude of pessimism.

Perhaps one primary cause has been the practical failure of the student movement in China. That this movement was a spiritual success is not to be denied. It was the supreme moment in many a student's life when he could and did rise to the height of denouncing the greed and sinister deeds of his government. Pathetic children they were, futilely crying and righteously indignant against those who should have been their leaders and protectors; kin to those other children who fought eagerly and trustfully to make the world safe for democracy and died for it. Both failed. It was a modern Children's Crusade.

Practically, the students failed to change government policies in the slightest degree, and they seem to have laid down their weapons. Nothing shows this more clearly than the utter silence with which they have met the news of the last disgraceful presidential election. I heard only one remark. "With $10,000,000 he bought this one chair. Now he fears no man."

It is the silence of despair.

A second reason for this attitude of pessimism, however, may be their apparent lack of ability to persevere in any line of action in attacking their problems. This is partly youth and partly an inherent racial characteristic. They tend too much to starting off with firecrackers, speech-making, and a high-sounding name, and then impetus seems to be dissipated and the attention drawn off to other things. Possibly it is a lack of deep-seated convictions. They do certainly tend to lack convictions. One seldom sees the fiery vocational enthusiasms such as Western students have, where a boy *will* be a doctor or engineer or what not against tremendous odds and at the cost of heroic efforts. Here they seem to choose most often from expediency and convenience, and I have known an annual chemistry fee of six dollars to be the deciding factor in whether or not a boy would be a teacher or a doctor. The small margin on which they live is partly responsible for this, of course.

Whatever the cause, they are incorrigible promoters. They are forever starting agricultural societies and mutual improvement societies and temperance societies and anti-Japanese societies and dozens of others. Most of these die of general inanition, and then are reorganized with more firecrackers and speeches into something else. Magazines have sprouted up like weeds all over the country—radical magazines, so-called scientific magazines, literary magazines, short-story magazines—a fascinating kaleidoscopic mirror of student mind and thought. These magazines continue with great fervor for a short time and then they are no more. Three months seems to be the average lifetime, with an occasional belated and tottering fourth issue. Again, part of it is youth; part of it is lack of sufficient technical knowledge; part of it is natural lack of stick-to-itiveness.

A third cause for this pessimism is the fact that many of these young men are just beginning to fathom the real depths to which their country has fallen. They have inherited from their ancestors the firm and unconsciously arrogant belief in the natural superiority of China. She has always been the Middle Kingdom, or, as the old sages had it, "the yolk of the egg round which the other nations cluster as the white." They have had a pride, and a rightful pride, in China's civilization, in her history, and in her achievements. But doubts are beginning to come. There are other large countries richer and more prosperous. There are other civilizations which seem to have had more desirable and practical results; other religions, even, which seem to have produced a more general honesty and morality. Evidently the rest of the world does not seem to regard China as the yolk of the egg at all, and on examination she really does not seem to be.

More alarming to them than this is a realization that they do not seem to be able to produce the honest and able leaders which they need so sorely—leaders who can withstand the temptations of political life.

"Why do you not take a government position and show the people what a really honest official should be and do?" I asked a fine young Chinese graduate from Oberlin, who is marking time as a teacher in a small private school.

He hesitated a moment, then looked at me squarely, and replied: "Honestly, I am afraid of myself. There would be so many places where I could enrich myself privately that I would rather not subject myself to the temptation."

I respected him for his frankness, and yet sighed to know his statement was true. Love of money and power or "face," as it is called, is a universal temptation, all too seldom withstood. The continued graft and dishonest government, the lack of any trustworthy leaders is pricking the bubble of their self-conceit. They are beginning to ask: Is China not capable, then, of producing men?

Alas, perhaps the strongest cause for the deep-seated pessimism abroad among them is the discovery, especially since the war, of how very imperfect those countries are which they had hoped to use as models. Before the war there was at least no visible breakdown of civilization. The war, however, and the conditions continuing since, have made them realize sadly that even in those countries whence came the science and the technical skill they

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admire so much, and where Christianity has been so long, even there people are wrestling as bitterly as they themselves with much the same sort of unsolved problems. And these young people are thrown back upon themselves again, "sheep having no shepherd."

No one knows, except one who has it to do, how unspeakably difficult it is, since the war, for an Occidental to stand before these Orientals as a teacher. Of course the only way out of it is to confess our failures frankly, pointing out the reasons for them with a friendly warning to others in like situations, and to hold up our ideals as high as ever, struggling along as human beings, without the West posing as competent to be a leader in any way. It is the only possible road to self-respect or the respect of the Far East.

Taking out all these, then—the hopelessly bewildered, the hopelessly pessimistic and cynical, the reactionaries, all those who pass through the schools and colleges and cannot stand under the terrible truths of modern knowledge and times—there remain still the golden few. These are the real hope of China. They are bewildered, yes, but not lost; pessimistic, but not unto death. They have been able to keep hold of a burning determination to serve their country righteously, at all costs. Out of them will come one day a Lincoln who shall set his people free.

"Oh, if you can teach us this term, teach us something to make us hopeful!" cried a young woman in one of my classes in the large government college here.

It is the wistful cry of youth; a heartbreaking cry to those who hear it, for who has a right to hope if youth has not? And we who come from that West which has done so much to take away their hopefulness must give it back again in a courage strong enough for life as it must be lived in China today.

There is only one way in which we can give back courage to them, and that is by a renewed fellow-feeling and brotherhood. This can be expressed only in a more complete understanding, both individual and national, of China's present difficulties and a greater patience with her as she works out, slowly and painfully, her own salvation. I do believe that in this people there lie potentialities of power and spiritual leadership which, if rightly allowed to develop themselves, will as time goes on help to lift the world along.

A Reporter's Mirror

By W. G. CLUGSTON

WHY is the American newspaper more widely read than ever before in its history, yet more generally abused? Is something *radically* wrong with journalism of the present day? Many who give thought to the matter believe there is.

A high percentage of the newspapers that survive steadily grow stronger in a financial way and usually keep increasing their circulation totals, but politically not one of them is as powerful as the average newspaper once was. Although the "public press" is still supreme in the matter of making campaign issues and giving the people public questions to growl about, newspapers are not as potent today as they once were in making public men—in electing to office the candidates they support, and to obscurity the candidates they oppose. And it can hardly be denied that the newspapers are growing in disfavor among the labor groups and certain classes of farmers. Also, there are many lawyers, doctors, and educators, and even some writers, who freely and sometimes loudly express their lack of faith in the public press. So certainly there must be some ground for criticism and for investigation, even if nothing is fundamentally wrong.

I asked the managing editor of a well-known Middle-western newspaper the question: "What is wrong with American journalism?" He answered immediately: "If you mean the American newspaper, I would say there is too much scrambling for circulation and too much attention to policy, without enough attention to giving the news."

I asked a cub reporter on a paper that has a daily circulation of nearly 200,000 the same question. His reply was: "Those who buy them have been taught to believe newspapers are maintained to give the truth about the news as it happens, while those who make them have been taught to believe they are maintained to make money."

The charge Oscar Wilde made when he said that "journalism is unreadable and literature unread" hardly applies to the question as it is now being considered, because most of the criticism against the newspapers today is not that they are unreadable but that the news they contain is not reliable—not straight news. Newspaper owners usually employ writers who are capable of making their news readable; in fact, it is often the case that truth and accuracy are sacrificed for no other purpose than to make a news story readable.

A more pertinent criticism than that of Oscar Wilde was recently made by Henry Ford's weekly when the newspapers were being blamed for being parties to the morality scandals of the moving-picture colonies. Ford's paper brought in the following indictment:

> The most hopeless element in it all [the movie scandal] is that the newspapers know all this stuff beforehand, yet never lift a hand concerning it until it "breaks," as they say. And then they are tremendously indignant about it. But, of course, the newspapers, like the movies, are paying for this kind of betrayal. Public confidence in a newspaper is in direct ratio to its public service. The newspaper renders all kinds of propaganda service, but very few of them know what public service means.

Here we get at what I consider the worst barnacle on the belly of the octopus press: *propaganda.* Propaganda is the pack-horse used to carry most of the evils that get into the news and editorial columns—propaganda intended to warp the public mind so that a policy may be carried out, or an objective may be reached, which the owner of the paper, or the editor or reporter, may for any reason think worth while.

Our greatest national endeavors are to swing the public mind in certain directions—nationally, against Bolshevism and good booze and Senate investigations of corruption, and in favor of ship subsidies and the Mellon tax-plan and snake-doctor remedies for agricultural evils; locally, against municipal ownership of the electric-light plant and

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in favor of a bulk bond issue for general improvements. As we had the stone age and the iron age, so now we have the *propaganda age*. Under our form of government, and in our present stage of civilization, you can put over anything you desire if you put enough of the right kind of propaganda behind it. And newspapers far excel pulpiteers, paid chamber-of-commerce agitators, and public speakers in putting over propaganda. They demonstrated this to a Creel's taste during the Great War.

There are many enterprises and issues which newspaper owners feel compelled to favor for public or personal or political reasons, and many others of which they disapprove and desire their readers to disapprove. Is it not natural that they should use their papers to convince their readers they are right? The matter of the honesty of these owners need not be considered, nor their high or low purposes. It is only a question of whether they are not, perhaps, biting their own bodies with poison fangs and thus paralyzing themselves when they permit their news columns to be converted from news channels into propaganda sloughs, as many do.

But, even if the owner of a newspaper does not go in for propaganda and makes every effort to keep his paper clean and close to the truth, there still are scores of ways in which propaganda can and does creep into the columns. Editors have their prejudices and pets; so have reporters, who are the real makers of newspapers—the real journalists. A large part of the blame that is being heaped upon newspapers should go to the reporters. Their sins are frequently scarlet, even when they are employed by honest publishers who do not try to put policy and propaganda in the place of truth.

With few exceptions the ranks of reporters are made up of two classes: those who stay with their jobs of reporting because these jobs give them a chance to associate with successful business men without being successful; and those who having failed to become literary successes stay with reporting because writing news is the next best thing they can do when unable to earn their "ham and" by writing and selling literature.

The best reporters of the first class usually are leeches or grafters; those of the second class usually are sourheads and cynics. Most generally it is the reporter of the first class who "gets on" and becomes a "star" writer. The cynics usually drift into desk jobs and socialism, becoming copy-readers, rewrite men, or headline writers.

The "star reporters" naturally get the big assignments —they write about the matters that are of most general interest and most vital importance to the masses of readers. They are thrown with influential, successful men, and usually they are admitted with all privileges of membership and brotherhood into the Rotary clubs, the chambers of commerce, the booster clubs—and sometimes the country clubs. In these they have all the pleasures a successful business man enjoys without having any of his worries. There they make their friends—often real friends. And the keenest of the successful business men court their acquaintance, pat them on the back, treat them as equals in every way, and, in return for giving them the privilege of their associations, work them for publicity for their projects, propaganda for their particular grafts, and free advertising for themselves.

Sometimes these reporters handle publicity jobs as a sideline, using their papers to put over their publicity. A few newspaper owners even encourage this, as it enables them to keep good men working for smaller wages than they otherwise would demand. However, owners and editors often are not to blame for rewarding and favoring the reporters who make friends with the representatives of powerful interests that are intent upon warping the public mind to serve their selfish purposes. These are the reporters who sell themselves to the owners and editors by selling themselves to the men with whom their jobs throw them—men whom the editors and owners regard highly who go to considerable pains to praise and boost friendly reporters. The other reporters simply do not sell themselves in this way, and as a result they do not get on in the business scramble; they may write better stories, but they do not press agent the right friends and they do not know how to get the right friends to press agent them to their bosses.

A great many of those who criticize the newspapers go on the theory that those who make the newspapers—those who write the news—are artists, or should be artists. I have tried to point out that this is not the case—barring the rare exceptions; that those who do most of the writing for newspapers are average mortals who are divided into two distinct types or classes. Those whose ideal is to ape and hang to successful busines men are more satisfied with life and put more enthusiasm into their work. As naturally follows, they are more successful newspaper men. Those of the other class are dissatisfied because they cannot do what they want to do and look upon newspaper work with disgust.

Of course, there must be something of the artist about every man who writes. There must be a pronounced desire to create, which overpowers the more general desire of men to acquire wealth. But, in reporting, there is the situation that Bernard Shaw describes in his general discussion of the professions:

> You have the man to whom his profession is only the means of making himself and his family comfortable and prosperous; . . . and you have the man who sacrifices everything and everybody, himself included, to the perfection of his work—to the passion for efficiency which is the true master-passion of the artist.

And when one of this latter class gets into the profession of reporting—one willing to make the sacrifices of a true artist—about the first sacrifice he makes is that of his job. He leaves the field and loses his chance of becoming a *star* reporter rather than leave his art and lose his soul, as he would have to do to get on with the Lions, the Kiwanians, and the Rotarians.

John Macy, in his able essay on Journalism, undertakes to show that most of the positive corruption of the newspapers comes from the struggle between the employing class and the wage-earning class through the fact that the employing class controls the advertising patronage of the newspapers and thus controls the politics and the news columns. Many times this may be true—too many times. But I cannot agree with this theory entirely because I have known newspapers not controlled by advertisers—newspapers whose owners were just as anxious to give the laboring class a square deal as to give a square deal to the business interests—yet almost as much propaganda for the business interests and against the interests of the common people got into these newspapers as into the papers policy-controlled in the interest of special groups.

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Why was this? It was simply because of conditions confronting those assigned to report and write the news.

Much of the criticism of labor unions against reporters and newspapers should, if we could put every chip where it belongs, be lodged against those who represent the labor unions and come in contact with the reporters. When a reporter goes to write news about a struggle in which representatives of big corporations and representatives of labor unions are pitted against each other, nine times out of ten the labor-union representatives are to blame when their side gets the worst of it in the news. The average representative of a labor union looks upon a reporter with suspicion and takes pains to let the reporter know it. He does nothing to build up a friendship with the "news hound," and often he assumes an attitude that makes it unpleasant for a reporter to be in his presence. Not so the representative of the corporations. He goes out of his way to make friends with the reporter. He makes the reporter believe he considers him both honest and fair; he cultivates a close friendship and often goes to great lengths to show the reporter that he is ready to perform the offices of a real friend. He confers favors upon the reporter that mean something to him, financially or otherwise. Or he makes the reporter glad to be in his company —makes him feel that they are equals, often makes him feel they are equals above the common herd.

Most reporters, being very human, naturally lean their likes toward those who do the most to make their paths smooth and easy and pleasant—and they, sometimes unconsciously, make their news stories lean toward such persons. The fault does not lie so much with the reporters, or the representatives of the corporations; it seems to me that it lies mostly with the representatives of the labor unions in that they are not smart enough to know how "to work" the reporters. But if, on the other hand, they were keen enough to know how to do this, it is most likely they would not for long remain representatives of the laboring men. They would be grabbed up and put to work representing the corporations.

On the whole, when I compare American journalism with other American institutions, I am not so sure there is anything so *very wrong* with the way it functions among the other mechanical contraptions of our civilization. There are evils connected with it; often they dominate it. But, all in all, I believe American journalism is on a higher plane than many other American institutions.

Certainly I am convinced it is on a higher plane than American politics, and that those who labor as newspaper men have higher ideals and more honor and a greater regard for the truth than those who labor in politics, local, State, or national. I am not sure but that our journalism is more free from the evils of propaganda than American churches. The average newspaper ranks higher in my estimation than the average college or university.

The only way I know to improve American journalism is to improve humanity. When readers will no longer allow their judgment to be warped, the newspapers will quit trying to propagandize them.

It is disheartening to have to admit that the masses show they prefer the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *American Magazine* to such high-class publications as the *American Mercury*, *The Nation*, the *Century*, the *Dial*, and the *New Republic*. It is discouraging to recount that the *Appeal to Reason* has gone out of existence while the Kansas City *Star* grows fat in all its alleged iniquities. It is a blot on America that Frank Harris has been sent back to Europe improperly honored and unappreciated while Frank Crane becomes more popular and more prominent on every news-stand and bookshelf. There is no glory to the nation in the fact that Editor Harding was placed in the President's chair and Upton Sinclair on the blacklist of newspapers. But the people usually get what they want and what their intelligence entitles them to receive. And they get stung on a lot of things worse than they do on the newspapers they buy.

La Follette

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

(From "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems," 1920)

In the Valley of Decision,
Down the Road of Things-that-are,
You gave to us a vision,
You appointed us a star,
And through Cities of Derision
We followed you from far.

On the Hills beyond To-morrow,
On the Road of Things-to-do,
With that strength of hand we borrow
As we borrow soul from you,
We know not sloth nor sorrow
And will build your vision true.

"The Big Noise"

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

ORIGINALLY, it was the name given him by his political opponents. But oddly, it had been seized upon by his admirers and used as a term of rough endearment, thus confounding his enemies and driving them to seek something less adaptable to the hail-fellow-well-met spirit.

He had been a leading figure in the town for so long, had identified himself with it in so many ways, that it seemed almost as though the place did not exist apart from him. The local newspapers adored him. His voice was heard on the Living Wage, Religious Education in the Public Schools, Pure Food Laws, Our Foreign Policy, Child Labor, and the Evils of the Boss System. Apparently, his motto was: "I care not who makes the laws of this town, so that I make its speeches." And make them he did. It was his boast that he was accessible at all hours to whatever delegation or individual might call upon him for his views. He delighted in referring to himself as "the man with the open house and the open mind." Now and then he hit upon a happy phrase that was repeated with relish by the press, and bandied about by his admirers for days thereafter. An enemy once growlingly commented: "He talks so much that he can't help but say something good *once* in a while."

He had a wife and children. The children had made homes or careers for themselves elsewhere. His wife, a little, tired-looking woman, gave her days over to domestic affairs. Her individuality was swallowed up in the blare of her husband's trumpetings, as the sound of a tuning-fork is eclipsed by the noise of a megaphone.

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She formed no outside ties. First there were the children to look after. Then as they grew up, there was the Big Noise's career. It was Cocteau who said: "There is a house, a lamp, a plate of soup, a fire, wine, and pipes at the back of every important work of art." Cocteau might have added, "and guest rooms." Meals were constantly in either a state of preparation or consumption, and beds were kept in readiness for expected—and unexpected—visitors. The Big Noise paid tribute now and then to his wife's indefatigable labors, referring to her with elephantine jocularity as "my boss," and lauding her domestic abilities in flowery phrases. It made good copy. Sometimes when a camera was pointed at him as he stood on the lawn talking with a group of his constituents, he would hold up a forbidding hand and shout: "Wait a minute and I'll fetch mother!"

No one ever dreamed of asking her opinion on the living wage or woman's suffrage. And yet people who knew her before her marriage recalled her as a gay, vivacious girl, a girl not without a certain forcefulness of her own.

And now the Big Noise lay dead.

Through one of those fantastic tricks the gods sometimes devise for their playthings he had met his end. A reunion of war veterans was being held, and he, along with the governor and one or two other notables, rode in uniform at the head of the parade. He had paused a moment, a commanding figure upon the curveting bay he bestrode, to adjust some part of the saddle. He did not notice a megaphone attached to the telegraph pole beside which he had reined in his horse. There was a sudden lull in the band music. As he bent forward, a raucous yell came through the horn! "What's the matter with the Big Noise? *He's all right!*" The horse gave a leap forward. Over went its rider to the paved street, striking his head upon the curbstone. Death was instantaneous.

The news would have to be broken gradually to his wife, they said. She was visiting a daughter in a nearby town. There was a new grandchild (it was only at such times that she left home) and this made things doubly hard. They wired her that he had been suddenly taken ill.

Some friends went down the road, half way, to meet her and prepare her as gently as possible. She made no outcry. She merely sat and looked at them with a slightly dazed air as if she did not understand them. They whispered pityingly behind her back to one another: "The shock has stupefied her, poor thing!"

And so she came home—to a home strangely, unaccustomedly still.

The porches, the hallway, and all the rooms on the lower floor were filled with people. But they sat awe-stricken, dumb, drawing back and bowing their heads respectfully as the widow of their dead leader passed up the stairway and into the room where he lay.

"She wishes to be alone with him," they whispered, and a few close friends, fearing the inevitable outburst of grief, waited upon the stairs with anxious faces.

She closed the door firmly behind her and walked to the bedside. They had swathed the back of his head in some dark stuff, so that the injury was in no way visible. His face unmarred by the fall, his body full and firm, he lay there, with lips slightly parted. One could almost have sworn that he breathed lightly.

She stood beside him, her face a mask. Time passed and still she stood. Any moment, perhaps, he might rise, and looking at her firmly, his brow creasing, his dominant index-finger flung out in familiar gesture, he might call out in that orotund bass of his: "Americans! Shall we relinquish the ideals for which our forefathers . . . ?"

The midrib of a feather protruded from the pillow beneath his head. She drew it forth cautiously, glancing about like a frightened bird, and placed it upon his lips. It lay there quiet, its fronds unstirred . . .

A great roaring seemed suddenly to have ceased.

Timidly she looked about.

And slowly, gradually, as when the east is tinged with dawn, a strange, new smile crept into her face. For, out of that silence, scarcely discernible at first, then more and more insistent, came a soft, rustling chorus of little voices through her mind . . . a sound for so long swallowed up in that greater, all-engulfing one . . . the sound of her own thoughts. . . .

When they came into the room with obtrusive kindness to lead her away, they found her standing motionless beside the bed. "You must take some food," they told her. "You must keep up your strength."

Unprotesting, she permitted them to lead her out of the room, casting no look backward at the bed and the burden it held. Calmly she greeted the friends downstairs, then seated herself in a rocker, conversing with this one and that.

They waited in vain for that sudden, wild outburst. . . .

They said finally that the shock of grief had turned her mind. . . .

In the Driftway

HUNDREDS of thousands of soldiers are afoot in China, yet there is little real fighting. The Chinese, alone among the great peoples of the world, have never permitted themselves to be swept away by the current tides of war. Physical courage is not to them the supreme form of valor. They have not, like the Western peoples, a vast body of tradition which sets the martial above all other virtues, nor do they see any reason to kill people who differ from themselves. The peculiar flavor of Chinese poetry is in part due to this maturity of mind. "The glorious accident that an English scholar of Chinese in our own generation [Arthur Waley] is also an artist," as the *Manchester Guardian* puts it, has made it possible for us to catch something of the essence of this Chinese genius which has been closed to previous Western generations.

* * * * *

JUDGED by our Western standards Po Chui's famous Old Man with the Broken Arm was a detestable coward. But for eleven hundred years this story of the old man with hair white as the new snow, who was glad that in his youth he had broken his arm with a stone rather than go to war, has been told and retold in China:

> One limb destroyed—whole body safe!
> But even now on winter nights when the wind and rain blow
> From evening on till day's dawn I cannot sleep for pain.
> Not sleeping for pain
> Is a small thing to bear,
> Compared with the joy of being alive when all the rest are dead.

In what other country could a poet choose such a hero?

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HALF a millennium before the birth of Christ Lao-tsze coined the Chinese proverb: "The best soldiers do not fight." Lao-tsze was already, at that relatively early date, inveighing against the rush and bustle of modern life. The note echoes down the centuries. A full thousand years ago To'ao Sung wrote:

The hills and rivers of the lowland country
You have made your battleground.
How do you suppose the people who live there
Will procure firewood and hay?

Do not let me hear you talking together
About titles and promotions;
For a single general's reputation
Is made out of ten thousand corpses.

And in the days when William the Conqueror was blustering through England, Su Tung-p'o was writing verses which seem to us the ultra-modern product of super-sophistication:

Families, when a child is born,
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a cabinet minister.

* * * * *

THE Western nations, with their blind belief that in industrialism and forced labor lies the only real progress, have upset the old China; their conflicts, their absorption in railroads and coal mines, their eagerness to exploit, the greed of their arms manufacturers, lie behind the mammoth civil war now waging. But perhaps, in the three thousand years of China's civilization, there is something which can rise superior even to this last imitation of Occidental "progress." Before even the Norsemen discovered America Yuan Chieh gave the title Civilization to this ironic poem:

To the southeast—three thousand leagues—
The Yan and Hsiang form into a mighty lake.
Above the lake are deep mountain valleys,
And men dwelling whose hearts are without guile.
Gay like children, they swarm to the tops of the trees;
And run to the water to catch bream and trout.
Their pleasures are the same as those of beasts and birds;
They put no restraint either on body or mind.
Far I have wandered throughout the Nine Lands;
Wherever I went such manners had disappeared.
I find myself standing and wondering, perplexed,
Whether saints and sages have really done us any good.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Toward Moral Shipwreck

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to ask the author of Changes in Sex Relations whether she would insist on any sort of permanence for the irregular sex-relationships which she so evidently approves? Would not a succession of such unions lead to promiscuity and the progressive degradation of the female, not to speak of the male? I am of the opinion that the reading of Elsie Clews Parsons's paper would tend toward the wrecking of the lives of many. I have known actual cases of moral shipwreck and disintegration to result from the perusal by young people of novels by high-minded doctrinaire authors who felt it to be their duty to spread "ethical" teaching of the character of that included in New Morals for Old. Improvement in sexual relations will not be found in the disregard of marriage or in temporary substitutes for marriage but in its reform.

Kingston, Pennsylvania, May 12 ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

Does Mr. Mencken Know?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: H. L. Mencken in his article The Sex Uproar seemed to swerve from his accustomed logical course. In an effort to maintain his satirical bachelor identity, he obscured the truth—that is, if there is a truth in this involved subject which *The Nation's* current series is making so much more involved.

Mr. Mencken's statements concerning man's attitude toward sex are but half true; they make too little of his predatory nature. Man does treat the matter "jocosely," dismisses the thing "lightly," and reduces it to a "recreation." Yet it is not accurate to construct from this fact the principle that, in marked contradistinction to woman, his interest ends here. As life goes, whether he will admit it or not, the talk of man is still very much like that which Mlle de Maupin heard when she masqueraded as a man; like the conversation of Kipling's men "after the women have left the room." Left to himself, he will inevitably refer somehow to sex; and the reference will receive immediate attention whether it be through a toast, an anecdote, a formal speech, or intimate disclosures concerning reconnoitering and accomplishment.

It is true that man "craves the approbation of his fellowman"; yet this approbation is not the end of all of his ambitions. For with men in general there is always the lurking hope that approbation and subsequent success will bring ultimate sex reward.

Mr. Mencken states that "all that is worth knowing about sex can be taught an intelligent boy of sixteen in two hours." Surely the subject is not so simple as this when considered, as it must be, from the standpoint of one individual and another. Would that the heroes of "Maurice Guest" and "Of Human Bondage" might here testify! Would that Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina could come forward!

In *The Nation* July 9 Isabel Leavenworth says in Virtue and Women:

"Sex experiences, like other experiences, can be judged of only on the basis which they play in the creative drama of the individual soul. There are as many possibilities for successful (and we take the liberty of adding "unsuccessful") sex life as there are men and women in the world."

New York, July 19 BERNARD SOBE

What Is Jealousy?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The articles on Changing Moral Standards which have been appearing in *The Nation* are timely and thought-provoking. All of them thus far, however, with the possible exception of the contribution of Mrs. Gilman, have failed to take account of one of the most troublesome elements in the relationship in question: the problem of jealousy.

What is the definite character of the jealousy a person in love experiences when the object of his adoration spurns his love and marries another person? Is this jealousy common to all people or is it true of only some? Is there any connection between this jealousy and the point Mrs. Gilman brings out—that "love literature" deals almost exclusively with the love for one woman, not for many women? If this factor of jealousy is deep seated in man, would it or would it not interfere

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with greater freedom of the marriage relationship? Perhaps the feeling of jealousy is due to the institution of the marriage of fidelity and possession? Perhaps the substitution in the place of this institution of the freedom and "naturalness" advocated by Bertrand Russell would do away with the feeling of jealousy?

Dorchester, Massachusetts, July 7 CHARLES ANGOFF

A Critic of La Follette

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: General Dawes calls Senator La Follette "the master demagogue." He is wrong. That sad distinction yet belongs to Mr. Bryan, whose vain gift has made him the Old Man of the Sea to the Democratic Party. Yet there is sufficient truth in the Dawes statement to impart plausibility. Permit me to indicate but one example.

The Senator is against the "monopolies." How would he put them out of business? First, what are the monopolies? If you leave out of consideration the beneficial monopolies like the telephone, gas and electric, street and interurban transportation, and other corporations, which are "natural," and which are, generally speaking, under the supervision of the States in which they operate, then you have left great corporations like the American Woolen Company, the National Sugar Refining Company, etc., whose operations directly affect the economy of every individual. (To call the Standard Oil Company a monopoly, as many do, is absurd.)

Well, the Senator could put the real monopolies out of business by establishing either free trade or a very low tariff. You yourself, my dear sir, covered this point but you did it in such a casual manner as to arouse an ambiguous smile. In the most incidental fashion you spoke about the tariff being extirpated root and branch. That would unquestionably bring about the greatest economic revolution in the past fifty years. But that would be the real way to put the monopolies out of business.

Now, my point is this: Senator La Follette is *not* a free trader, or anything approaching one. He is not distinguished for any important utterance he has ever made on the protective tariff. Any one of fifty Democrats in Washington excels him in this all-important respect. There is nothing in the index to lead one to expect that, if elected, Senator La Follette *would or could* have enacted a tariff measure that would radically affect the situation—while everyone knows that the Democratic Party would certainly proceed at once to greatly reduce the schedules.

Therefore, for the Senator and his heterogeneous collection of discontents to talk about doing away with monopolies without intelligently and constructively discussing the tariff situation is *demagoguery*.

Brooklyn, September 12 WM. TAYLOR

Why Wasn't I Born a Judge?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Four years ago I bought a farm in Connecticut, fifty miles from the big town. The house is a mile from the nearest telephone line, but it stands on a main road and the agent said: "Oh, yes, you'll get a telephone without any trouble at all." I went down to consult the district telephone manager. "Yes," he agreed, "we'll build a line. Of course you'll have to pay the cost of construction." He figured on an envelope. "It will come to five hundred and fifty dollars." "But," I demurred, "people up our way tell me that a few years ago you went around begging them to let you build a line to their doors." "Yes," admitted he, "but times have changed."

I went home and sat down to think in happy isolation from the world. But there lie disadvantages as well as advantages in the lack of a telephone, particularly if you are a writer whose bread is baked or burned by the moods of New York editors. The next year our telephoneless state became so exasperating that again I sent a Macedonian cry to the district manager. He was a jolly fellow, that manager. He came up to the farm, pulled four eight-inch trout out of our brook, grinned, said construction costs had gone up, and quoted us a price of six hundred and fifty. Heigho! Six hundred and fifty. I had enlisted two other subscribers on the route, but though both agreed to take the phone, neither cared to contribute to the cost of construction. I had nothing with which to combat the jolly manager's insistence that all rural service in the State was unprofitable, yet it seemed a bit hard that I alone should be asked to build a line that would immediately become the perpetual possession of the telephone company, for the benefit of all present and future residents of that mile or so of road. But after all it was an academic problem, purely. I hadn't any six hundred and fifty. My wife and I went back to our happy exasperated duitude.

Then one day some months ago a friend advised: "Go and see Judge K. He'll tell you how to get a phone." I went. "Why, yes," said the judge, "I think you can get a phone easily, if you do as I did. Some years ago an independent telephone company applied for a license in the State. This company here testified before the legislative committee and before the Public Utilities Commission that there was no need of a second telephone concern in the State because it was prepared to serve all residents of the State on an absolutely equal basis. A year or so ago I bought a house a mile from the end of the phone line. The company wanted five hundred dollars to give me service. I answered: 'Now, gentlemen, the time has come to mak good on that testimony of yours.' Well," the judge laughed, "the very next day the construction gang was on the job. My phone didn't cost me a cent. Go ahead, write the general manager, cite my case. You'll get your telephone."

I did. I cited that judge's case in full, adding that I, representative of a profession equally illustrious, hoped for treatment equally just. The general manager sent down a special engineer, who looked me over, did some figuring, and said that in a few days the company would send a report. I waited for it, in growing excitement. It came. I tore it open with trembling hand. Ah! As a special concession to an eminent but isolated author, the company would bring a talking wire to my door for—exactly six hundred dollars.

Why wasn't I born a judge?

Westport, Connecticut, July 27 WEBB WALDRON

Contributors to This Issue

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JOSEF HOFMANN AT HIS STEINWAY

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International Relations Section

China, Russia, the Allies, and the Chinese Eastern Railway

BEHIND the present civil war in China lies, among other problems, that of control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which is not only an invaluable short cut from Chita to Vladivostok, saving the long roundabout all-Russian route which follows the Amur River, but forms the closest link between Europe and Port Arthur and Peking. This railroad also is the key to the intrigue, in which almost all the Great Powers took part, which sought to forestall Chinese recognition of Russia on May 31, 1924; and it played a part in the Washington Arms Conference. The Russian and Chinese governments insist that the railroad concerns them alone, but France, Japan, and the United States have asserted an interest in its fate. The American interest is, however, dictated rather by hostility to Soviet Russia than by the history of the road. We print below the text of the Russo-Chinese treaty, together with the important annex concerning the railroad. To understand the latter the history of the road may be summarized as follows:

Following the defeat of China by Japan in 1895 Russia assumed a more active interest in China. She arranged China's first foreign loan in 1895, and obtained French capital for the foundation, under Russian charter, of the Russo-Chinese, later Russo-Asiatic, Bank, in August, 1896. (A promise of a concession for the Chinese Eastern Railway had probably been made in a secret anti-Japanese treaty negotiated by Li Hung Chang at the coronation of the Czar in May, 1896, and on September 8 a contract for its construction was signed with the Russo-Asiatic Bank.) Article I of this agreement specifically provided that "the shares of the [Chinese Eastern Railway] company can be acquired only by Chinese or Russian subjects." The railroad was built, and prospered. The bank held all the stock and the Russian Government all the bonds.

After the soviet revolution, however, other Powers assumed an active interest in the railway. The Chinese-Japanese secret military agreement of May 16, 1918, provided for the transportation of Japanese troops over the road. The United States had sent a railway mission to Siberia during the Kerensky regime. At the time of the Czecho-Slovak uprising in Russia the Allied governments approved a Japanese-American agreement, dated January 9, 1919, which provided for administration of the Chinese Eastern Railway by an interallied board headed by Mr. John F. Stevens, an American. During this regime the railway bought certain supplies, on credit, in the United States. It is the existence of this debt which gave Mr. Hughes his excuse for attempting to interfere with the Chinese-Russian agreement regarding the railway—although the supplies were purchased for the use of the Allied troops and the railroad has not even yet been paid for its service in transporting the Allied troops. The French Government has excused its interference on the ground of the interest of the French stockholders in the Russo-Asiatic Bank, despite Article I of the agreement with that bank, which was obviously intended to prevent just such international complications.

Following the period of interallied control the Chinese Government, by an agreement with the bank dated October 2, 1920, announced its intention to assume provisionally the administration of the railway. The provisional period was to end when an agreement was reached with the Russian Government. Such an agreement was reached in the supplementary agreement printed below. The railway, however, is in the hands of the war lord of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, not of the Government dominated by Wu Pei-fu with which the Soviet Government made its treaty. Thus far Chang has refused to recognize the new treaty, and he is now actually at war with the Peking Government. Recent newspaper dispatches report, rather vaguely, that Chang, Japan, and Soviet Russia have come to an agreement. If that be true Chang has presumably accepted some such terms as those outlined in the documents printed below, reprinted, in the main, from the Peking *Daily News* for June 18.

AGREEMENT ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF QUESTIONS AT ISSUE BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA AND THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS.

The Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, desiring to reestablish normal relations with each other, have agreed to conclude an agreement on general principles for the settlement of the questions between the two countries, and have to that end named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

His Excellency the President of the Republic of China: Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo,

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: Lev Mikhailovich Karakhan,

Who, having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I. Immediately upon the signing of the present agreement the normal diplomatic and consular relations between the two contracting parties shall be reestablished.

The Government of the Republic of China agrees to take the necessary steps to transfer to the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics the Legation and Consular buildings formerly belonging to the Czarist Government.

ART. II. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to hold, within one month after the signing of the present agreement, a conference which shall conclude and carry out detailed arrangements relative to the questions in accordance with the principles as provided in the following articles.

Such detailed arrangements shall be completed as soon as possible and, in any case, not later than six months from the date of the opening of the conference as provided in the preceding paragraph.

ART. III. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to annul at the conference as provided in the preceding article all conventions, treaties, agreements, protocols, contracts, etc., concluded between the Government of China and the Czarist Government and to replace them with new treaties, agreements, etc., on the basis of equality, reciprocity, and justice, as well as the spirit of the declarations of the Soviet Government of the years of 1919 and 1920.

ART. IV. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in accordance with its policy and declarations of 1919 and 1920, declares that all treaties, agreements, etc., concluded between the former Czarist Government and any third party or parties affecting the sovereign rights or interests of China, are null and void.

The governments of both contracting parties declare that in future neither Government will conclude any treaties or agreements which prejudice the sovereign rights or interests of either contracting party.

ART. V. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist

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Republics recognizes that Outer Mongolia is an integral part of the Republic of China and respects China's sovereign rights therein.

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics declares that as soon as the questions for the withdrawal of all the troops of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics from Outer Mongolia, namely, as to the time-limit of the withdrawal of such troops and the measures to be adopted in the interests of the safety of the frontiers, are agreed upon at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, it will effect the complete withdrawal of all the troops of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics from Outer Mongolia.

ART. VI. The governments of the two contracting parties mutually pledge themselves not to permit, within their respective territories, the existence and/or activities of any organizations or groups whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the governments of either contracting party.

The governments of the two contracting parties further pledge themselves not to engage in propaganda directed against the political and social systems of either contracting party.

ART. VII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to redemarcate their national boundaries at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, and pending such redemarcation, to maintain the present boundaries.

ART. VIII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to regulate at the aforementioned conference the questions relating to the navigation of rivers, lakes, and other bodies of water which are common to their respective frontiers, on the basis of equality and reciprocity.

ART. IX. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to settle at the aforementioned conference the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway in conformity with the principles as hereinafter provided:

1. The governments of the two contracting parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a purely commercial enterprise.

The governments of the two contracting parties mutually declare that with the exception of matters pertaining to the business operations which are under the direct control of the Chinese Eastern Railway all other matters affecting the rights of the national and local governments of the Republic of China, such as judicial matters, matters relating to civil administration, military administration, police, municipal government, taxation, and landed property (with the exception of lands required by the said railway) shall be administered by the Chinese authorities.

2. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to the redemption by the Government of the Republic of China, with Chinese capital, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, as well as all appurtenant properties, and to the transfer to China of all shares and bonds of the said railway.

3. The governments of the two contracting parties shall settle at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, the amount and conditions governing the redemption as well as the procedure for the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

4. The Government of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to be responsible for the entire claims of the shareholders, bondholders, and creditors of the Chinese Eastern Railway incurred prior to the revolution of March 9, 1917.

5. The governments of the two contracting parties mutually agree that the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be determined by the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to the exclusion of any third party or parties.

6. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to draw up an arrangement for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway pending the settlement of the question as provided under section (3) of the present article.

7. Until the various questions relating to the Chinese East-

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ern Railway are settled at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement, the rights of the two governments arising out of the contract of August 27/September 8, 1896, for the construction and operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway which do not conflict with the present agreement and the agreement for the provisional management of the said railway and which do not prejudice China's rights of sovereignty shall be maintained.

ART. X. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to renounce the special rights and privileges relating to all concessions in any part of China acquired by the Czarist Government under various conventions, treaties, agreements, etc.

ART. XI. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to renounce the Russian portion of the Boxer indemnity.

ART. XII. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to relinquish the rights of extraterritoriality and consular jurisdiction.

ART. XIII. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to draw up simultaneously with the conclusion of a commercial treaty at the conference as provided in Article II of the present agreement a customs tariff for the two contracting parties in accordance with the principles of equality and reciprocity.

ART. XIV. The governments of the two contracting parties agree to discuss at the aforementioned conference the questions relating to the claims for the compensation of losses.

ART. XV. The present agreement shall come into effect from the date of signature.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the present agreement in duplicate in the English language and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at Peking, this thirty-first day of the fifth month of the thirteenth year of the Republic of China, May 31, 1924.

(Seal) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO
(Seal) L. M. KARAKHAN

AGREEMENT FOR THE PROVISIONAL MANAGEMENT OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY

The Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics mutually recognizing that, inasmuch as the Chinese Eastern Railway was built with capital furnished by the Russian Government and constructed entirely within Chinese territory the said railway is a purely commercial enterprise and that, excepting for matters appertaining to its own business operations, all other matters which affect the rights of the Chinese national and local governments shall be administered by the Chinese authorities, have agreed to conclude an agreement for the provisional management of the railway with a view to carrying on jointly the management of the said railway until its final settlement at the conference as provided in Article II of the agreement on general principles for the settlement of the questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924, and have to that end named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

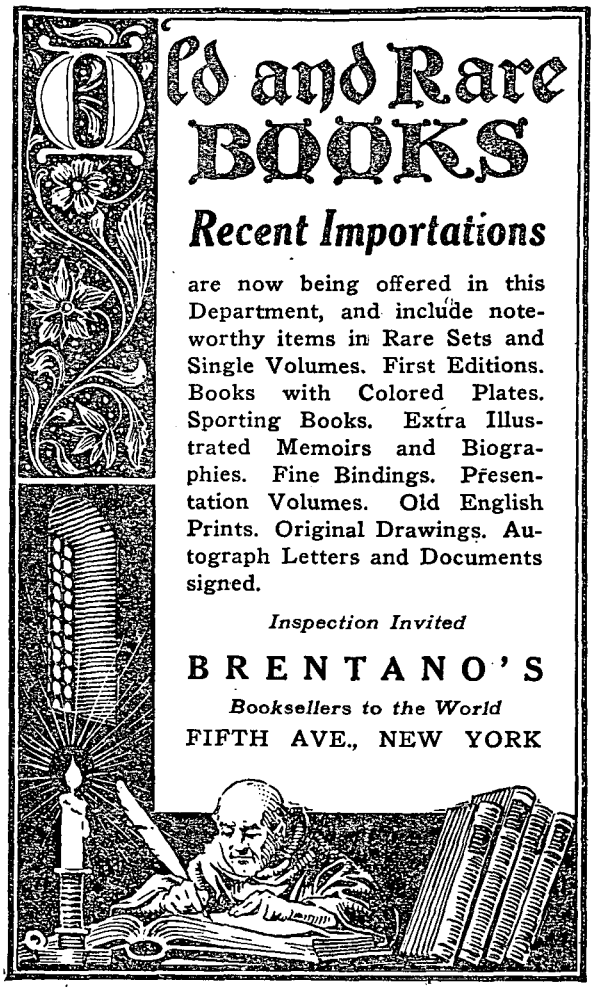
His Excellency the President of the Republic of China: Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo,

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: Lev Mikhailovich Karakhan.

Who, having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE I. The Railway shall establish, for discussion and decision of all matters relative to the Chinese Eastern Railway, a board of directors to be composed of ten persons, of whom five shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China and five by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The Government of the Chinese Republic shall appoint one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of the Chinese directors as chairman of the board of directors, and he shall also be the director general.

The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (U.S.S.R.) shall appoint one of the Russian directors as vice-chairman of the board of directors, and he shall also be the assistant director general.

Seven persons shall constitute a quorum, and at least six must vote upon a measure before it shall take effect.

In the absence of the director general or of the assistant director general their respective governments have the right to name a director general, who shall be one of the Chinese directors, and an associate director general, who shall be one of the Russian directors, ad interim.

ART. II. The railroad shall form a supervisory council, composed of five persons, two of whom shall be Chinese, one appointed by the Government of the Chinese Republic, and three Russian, appointed by the Government of the U. S. S. R. The chairman of this council shall be elected from the Chinese members.

ART. III. The railroad shall have a manager who shall be a citizen of the U. S. S. R., and two assistant managers one of whom shall be a citizen of the Chinese Republic and one of the U. S. S. R. These officials shall be appointed by the board of directors, and such nominations shall be confirmed by the respective governments. The rights and duties of the director and of the assistant director shall be defined by the board of directors.

ART. IV. The chiefs and assistant chiefs of the various services of the railroad shall be nominated by the board of directors. If the chief of any service is a citizen of the Chinese Republic the assistant chief of that service shall be a citizen of the U. S. S. R.; and if the chief be a citizen of the U. S. S. R., the assistant chief shall be a citizen of the Chinese Republic.

ART. V. The distribution of offices in the various services of the railroad shall be based upon the principle of equal representation of citizens of the Chinese Republic and of the U. S. S. R.

ART. VI. With the exception of the rate schedule and the budget, which will be drawn up as provided in Article 7 of the present agreement, matters upon which the board of directors cannot agree shall be submitted to arbitration by the governments of the two contracting parties.

ART. VII. The board of directors shall submit the rate schedules and the budget to meetings attended by the members of the board of directors and the members of the supervisory council.

ART. VIII. The net profits of the railway shall be retained by the board of directors and shall not be utilized until the railway question is definitively settled.

ART. IX. The board of directors shall, as soon as possible, revise the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway approved December 4, 1896, by the Imperial Government of China, taking as a basis the present agreement and the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue, signed on May 31, 1924, by the Government of the Chinese Republic and the Government of the U. S. S. R., not later than six months after the formation of the board of directors. These statutes shall remain in force until modified, unless they contradict the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue, or unless they prejudice the sovereign rights of China.

ART. X. The present agreement shall become invalid when the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be definitively settled as stipulated in Article 2 of the agreement establishing general principles for the settlement of questions at issue between the Chinese Government and the Government of the U. S. S. R., concluded May 31, 1924.

ART. XI. The present agreement goes into effect from the date of its signature.

Done at Peking, this thirty-first day of the fifth month of the thirteenth year of the Chinese Republic, May 31, 1924.

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Fall Book Section

Truth and Realism in Literature

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

MOST realistic novels are failures primarily because reality itself is an effective raconteur only when the tale is being physically lived and spoken by people in houses, streets, alleys, and farms. If you have ever witnessed a spontaneous, long-drawn-out, bloody fist-fight or a scene of dramatic greed between two men or the hysteria of a jilted woman or any of the salient climaxes of reality, you have been forced to admit to yourself the impossibility of adequately and fairly describing these happenings. When the incident is related, the reciter must do something else besides furnishing his own detailed version of the plot, words, and appearances. His eye is at best a notoriously defective camera and his ears are unreliable drums pawned to a host of dishonest inaccuracies (the dishonesty may be unconscious, but it is always present to a moderate extent). When he retells the occurrence, the more "real" he strives to make his story the more he will succeed only in disputing and beclouding this precious "reality." His dialogues will never be quite faithful, and his descriptions will always suffer from missing touches of verisimilitude; his recounting of action and motive will be to some extent stunted and set awry by the fixed designs of his prejudice.

A literary creator should regard the words and actions of men and women as nothing more than a luring taunt to his virtues as a dangerous, persuasive, and unfair liar—as a first shove to his distorting intentions. He must be able to daze certain men into accepting his version as a veracious one by the vigorous skill of his conscious or unconscious misrepresentations, and to force other men to retorts and disagreements which will seem angrily impotent when compared to his own words, or lure these men to an unwilling silence. He must look upon creation as the egotistic, unscrupulous branding of himself upon human beings and episodes whose essence is a thousand confused faces, neither of them one whit more plausible than the other. He enters a distraught, elusively vicious, and criss-crossed realm—life—and changes it to the world in which, directly or by inference, he would like to live, or to the ruins by means of which his ego brings distinctness to its dream of solitary disdain. He may create the illusion of truth for other human beings whose inward needs and perceptions are roughly aligned with his, but this must never be his conscious and ruling motive. If it is, he will be disarranging the scene at hand, under the impression that he is disclosing it untouched, and his individuality will become a weakened drudge, hypocritically and evasively marring human beings and their drama, with the air of a just bystander.

For these reasons, many of the realistic novels of our day seem to be the sheerest of "fictions" in comparison to the work of other writers whose prose is patently imaginative, highly colored, and filled with deliberate exaggerations. The imaginative, impressionistic approach, when it is well-executed and not carried out by some tyro, can convey the air of a new or formerly submerged reality which most people were not quick-witted enough to discover, while the "realistic" truth-portrayer, with his homely, carefully natural, homespun array of everyday words and clothings, gives you nothing but the secretly dishonest conversation between a stenographer, a rewrite man, and the victim of their conference:

For instance, the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, often over five hundred pages long, appear to be false and stereotyped when compared to the more subtly compact work of brilliant, young English writers such as Virginia Woolfe and Dorothy Richardson, and one of the reasons is that Lawrence attempts to reproduce laboriously all of the details of his scenes and every slightest word which his characters might have uttered in actual life, while the two women creators use more suggestive and imaginative methods. The following quotation from "Women in Love," by Lawrence, is an illustration of the above-mentioned point:

> "No," she said, "I think that the appeal to patriotism is a mistake. It is like one house of business rivaling another house of business."
>
> "Well, you can hardly say that, can you?" exclaimed Gerald, who had a real passion for discussion. "You couldn't call a race a business concern, could you?—and nationality roughly corresponds to race I think. I think it is meant to."
>
> There was a moment's pause. Gerald and Hermione were always strangely but politely and evenly inimical.
>
> "Do you think race corresponds with nationality?" she asked musingly with expressionless indecision.
>
> Birkin knew she was waiting for him to participate. And dutifully he spoke up.
>
> "I think Gerald is right—race is the essential element in nationality in Europe at least," he said.

The discussion, started thus, goes on without a break through five pages, and the relation between nationality, patriotism, and race is flogged into a score of "Ma, what does this mean?" questions and "It means that a circle is round, Willie" retorts, as though the participants were tussling with a marvelous obtuseness and had not solved the simplest meanings of earthly divisions and procedures. In his eagerness to reproduce a conversation between talkative, educated, middle-class people, without discarding a single word or finger-flourish, Lawrence created nothing but an unconscious, clumsy, redundant caricature of the original men and women. No human beings on earth could ever talk quite as stupidly and verbosely as his characters do, yet his individuals are unreal precisely because he is intent upon truthfully and painstakingly portraying them. He retails their conversations and actions without restraint or imagination, and the souls of his creatures become lost in a welter of verbiage and detailed descriptions; his accounts are usually darkly inflated retailings of sexual lust, or feebly dogmatic discussions on every conceivable subject, from nationality to horse-shoeing, although his aims were entirely different. If you are prone to accept the surface motives and guises of human beings, his arrangements will charm you with their "fidelity" to life, but otherwise you will note scores of discrepancies and avoidances and awkward contortions in the reports.

Creative writing, especially in novels, is after all the ability to lie ferociously, delightfully, and with a canny fusion of under- and overstatements that refuse to place an implicit faith in the flat daylight world of facts and averages. The word "sophistry" was made by this sluggish, daylight land to refute the onslaughts of its most prominent and brilliant enemies.

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Iceland's New Birth

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

WHEN at last, after days of plunging northward through a wild gray sea, I saw on the horizon the gleaming snow-peaks of Iceland, I felt I had reached the land beyond the rim of the world. That impression was only strengthened by my first sight of Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, a bleak little town of 18,000 inhabitants, with white cement government and business buildings, and brightly painted dwelling houses, all huddled cheerlessly together on a black and treeless lava plain. This frontier settlement is, however, not only the home of a thousand-year-old civilization but the center today of an important literary and artistic movement, a movement that is already making interesting contributions to European culture.

The growth of the movement began with Iceland's struggle for political freedom more than a century ago. A group of young enthusiasts of the 1840's, the Fjolnir, helped arouse the national artistic consciousness, and started to purify the Icelandic language and the Icelandic thought from Danish influence. Then in the latter part of the nineteenth century writers and poets appeared whose work embodied the new-old dreams of an Icelandic national art. Now within the last few years, almost coincident with Iceland's final political triumph in the constitution of 1918, there has come a glorious flaming of native talent. The work of the young Icelandic writers, poets, and artists is rousing interest and enthusiasm over all Northern Europe, and the little island is on her way to winning back at least a part of the position of preeminence which she held in Viking days, when she was the artistic center of the Scandinavian world.

The Sagas and Eddas were all written by Icelanders, and no Norse court eight centuries ago was complete without its Icelandic bard, while on the island itself the general culture was so high that every man was a poet, and the biting lampoon was often used as a weapon of combat. Through the centuries the common people have loved and cherished their literary past; the sagas have been the popular reading in farmhouses during the long, dark winter, and contests in making *rimur*, a complicated Icelandic verse-form, have always been a favorite amusement. An artistic movement grows naturally among such a people, and it finds everyone, merchant or politician, farmer or fisherman, equally interested in its productions. The leading poets today sell faster than American best-sellers. The paintings of the modern artists hang in every well-to-do home. The new drama is presented by amateur companies, even in the tiny fishing villages of the North. The Icelandic Government also takes a paternal interest in those men whose work shows definite promise, giving them money and buying their paintings and statues for public buildings.

There seems to be, however, no definite fixed group of writers and artists at work in Reykjavik. The Icelander is even today an individualist and a wanderer. One writer has perhaps just returned from America, another from Scotland; a third is on a visit from Copenhagen. Any day a painter may pick up his canvases and sail south across the sea to study or exhibit, and many of the younger men have borrowed a leaf from their Viking ancestors and deliberately invaded another land to conquer it for Iceland. There is now a small colony of them in Copenhagen, where they try out their productions on a larger audience than their native country with its population of less than 100,000 can supply. They write their dramas and novels in both Icelandic and Danish, and it often happens that plays are seen by audiences in Copenhagen long before they reach their native land.

But everything produced anywhere by the Icelandic genius bears the unmistakable mark of its origin. Icelanders cannot escape their distinctive heritage. Most of their prose takes us physically to their barren native country. All of it leads us into a new bleak country of the soul. It is a place of strong passions, deep and repressed, that finally reveal themselves in violent acts, of complex souls tormented in the dark, a place of threatening fate and of terrible natural forces that wait to do its will, of cold and darkness, blizzard and earthquake, gaping chasms and raging torrents. Behind all the clear intellectualized realism of their manner, one feels a great vitality and a powerful primitive force in which their work is rooted and by which it is nourished.

Their poetry is equally grim and characteristic. Of the form of Icelandic verse it is hard for the outsider to speak, for its greatest beauties are peculiarly untranslatable. It is extremely complicated, having rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration, and the Icelandic words have a great many old Norse associations and overtones of meaning. The subject matter is supplied by the Icelandic country: the swans that float on the lonely lakes, the ravens that fly croaking across the lava plains, the aurora that fills the Northern skies with portent, the terror of the winter storms. The weird creatures of old folk-tales also appear, trolls and mountain gnomes, dwarfs and demons. Iceland's poetry shows the same fresh vitality and the same harsh, bold method of treatment as its prose. The old saying "Every Icelander is a poet" has always been true, even when the other arts were dead, and it is doubly true today.

Modern Icelandic painting, though less widely known, is almost equally interesting. There are in Reykjavik a number of young artists painting native landscapes and scenes from peasant life. They are not dominated by any special ism, and the work of the best is beautiful and satisfying.

I had the opportunity, during my stay in Reykjavik, of meeting several of the prominent figures of the Icelandic renaissance. One of the most important and interesting of these is Einar Hjorleifsson Kvaran. Kvaran, "Iceland's greatest master of prose fiction since the saga age" and one of the official candidates for the last Nobel prize, is the dean of Icelandic letters today. Back in the eighties he was one of the first to break away from a slavish imitation of Denmark and to give his genius to the development of the new national literature. He is now a kindly, dignified old man, with a personality that triumphs over careless clothes and plain surroundings. When I visited him he was living some miles away from the capital, on a lonely farmstead on a lava plain stretching down to the sea, but he expected soon to move back into town in order to take part in political affairs. He is still active in literary work, and has in recent years begun a thorough study of spiritualism. Kvaran has become a classic in his lifetime, having outlived most of his great contemporaries.

Another of the big men of the earlier period is Indridi Einarsson, the father of the modern Icelandic theater, who

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first in the drama, as Kvaran in the novel, reasserted Iceland's right to a literary existence. Einarsson is a sturdy, white-haired figure, with the broad cheekbones of the Norseman and the gentle, dreamy expression of the scholar, the translator into his native tongue of many of the works of Shakespeare, as well as the author of several important original plays, founded on Icelandic history and folk-legends. Einarsson has given his lifetime to building up the Icelandic theater. It is thanks chiefly to him that Reykjavik has for years had a repertory company, which gives Icelandic plays twice a week during the winter. It will soon become a real national theater, suitably housed in a fine building to be paid for by an amusement tax collected through the government.

Of the new writers the very greatest was probably Johan Sigurjonsson, who died recently while still in his thirties. He left behind him a most remarkable series of plays, the best known of which, "Eyvind of the Hills," the story of an early Icelandic outlaw, has already been produced in four European countries and in America. Although most of the younger men are now in Copenhagen, I met in Reykjavik Kamban, who had brought a Danish moving-picture company to Iceland to film his play, "Hadda-Padda." Gudmundur Kamban was first brought into prominence by the enthusiastic support of Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, who has welcomed and praised the work of most of the Icelandic group. Kamban himself is a young man of poise and self-confidence. He hopes some day to make moving pictures out of the finest of the sagas.

Aesgrimur Jonsson, the greatest of the Icelandic painters, proved to be as little as possible like the popular conception of an artist—a plain, unassuming little man, with reddish hair and a square Scandinavian face. "Only a native can paint Iceland," he declares, and during every year he spends many weeks entirely alone in the high mountains and uninhabited wastes. His work is always recognizable because of his remarkable success in reproducing the strange luminous effect of the landscape of Iceland in sunlight, where the air seems almost to shine of itself, and the snow mountains and rocky plains and waters of that bare country are clothed in color.

Before I left Reykjavik I visited the museum of the sculptor, Einar Jonsson, a strange bleak building of his own design, erected for him by the Government, on the plain outside the city. Here I found put in actual tangible form that strong and vital imaginative force, that new vision, which is Iceland's gift to the world. Sculpture in Iceland today is practically a one-man job, but of all the figures of the Icelandic renaissance Jonsson is perhaps the most widely known. Although he is one of the younger men he has already a European reputation and has even exhibited in the United States. In Fairmount Park in Philadelphia there now stands his statue of Thorfinnur Karlsefni, the Icelander who ten centuries ago was the first settler on the American continent. Jonsson's work is typical of the new Icelandic spirit in art. It is different, it is expressive, it is crowded and overcrowded with ideas and with emotion. It is a definite rebellion against the classic, an assertion of belief in an art peculiarly for the Nordic peoples; and a conscious groping for a form, a method, and a content which shall express—as the classic sculpture expressed the simplicity and purity of the Greek ideal—that thoughtful, tormented, grim beauty which is the distinctive conception of the Northern races.

Henry Seidel Canby[1]

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE subject of this sketch has been accused of common sense and credited with good judgment. If he possesses them, which is by no means certain, they are defensive qualities engendered in the attempt to protect himself against a constant inner conflict. Canby is a Quaker by inherited temperament, an Epicurean by taste and desire. His ancestors wore plain clothing for the soul's sake, but bought expensive books and admirable furniture. Spiritually he resembles them.

The essence of Quakerism is of course the Inner Light. But that explains nothing. The Quaker temperament is more important than the Quaker theology. Such a temperament is obsessed by the need of meditation, even in the midst of a most active life. Where other men live by the impulse of the moment, or rest upon principle, or ask reasons only, the essential Quaker is consciously or subconsciously, no matter which, seeking to be in accord with his universe. It may be crepuscular beauty or the flash of swallows' wings; and indeed even the primitive Quakers, so notoriously insensitive to art, were respondent to natural beauty. It may be a thrill of ethical impulse or spiritual aspiration stirring in discord or worldliness. This irrepressible desire gives the true Quaker an ever-ready sympathy and a tolerance of strange circumstance. For who can tell by formula (so they said in seventeenth-century meeting houses) where God may not be manifest!

Canby is possessed of this intense desire to be in accord with the human spirit as it moves darkly, but like most congenital Protestants he blends it with the reformer's desire to make others as Quaker as himself. This led him into the teaching of literature and kept him at it for twenty years, and is the cause and motive of his present concern with editing a journal whose duty is to propagate sound criticism. If he had been a purer spirit he would have long since let meditation shape his career and produced better books, or, in happier accord with nature and the complex of wills that surrounded him, no books at all. He came to New England from his native Delaware at the tender age of eighteen. That saved him from the comfortable inertia of the spirit which has made good Republicans and honest capitalists of so many descendants of the old stock, but infected him with zeal, the bacteria of Puritanism, from which complete recovery is rare.

The search for the Inner Light teaches caution. Its destination is illimitable, the ways diverse, deception easy, satisfaction impossible except by complete accord. The old Quakers grew rich almost necessarily, for their caution in the dangerous by-paths of the world made them prosperous even when they were not successful. And Canby, by his inheritance as well as by his desire, has been cautious in enthusiasm and condemnation. This makes for good judgment, but hinders the development of ideas, the formation of a school, the forming of a program. His program, indeed, he could never formulate; for the wish to reconcile incompatibles and find a harmony in a world that may be dualistic or chaotic is an aspiration, not a

[1] This is the seventh in a series of articles by American critics on themselves. Heywood Broun, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Llewellyn Jones, and Harry Hansen have appeared; E. W. Howe, John Macy, and others are to follow.

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program; and success would be an emotion rather than a theory. But so it is with all good Quakers.

It is doubtful, however, whether Canby would have turned, for good or ill, to literature, if it had not been for an almost violent Epicureanism, drawn from Heaven knows where, but clouding as well as enriching what might have been a serene life as a lawyer or scientist whose concern for the Inner Light began and ended at home. He grew up, like so many of his generation, in a world where family life was rich and outward experience of beauty and adventure rare and thin. The desires for both which another age or another environment would have readily satisfied were checked by circumstance and inhibited by the native caution of the Quaker, which taught self-control and the discharge of immediate duty as the first defense against worldliness. They defended only too well; kept the spirit cool and contemplative, but the senses overcharged with desire for active employment. The university in those days was half Puritan, half barbarous. Europe turned the key and literature, painting, and architecture opened the door. Nevertheless, Canby manifests today all the symptoms of an inhibited nature seeking with a belated youthfulness for miscellaneous sensation as well as harmonious accord.

The search for the Inner Light and the desire for experience of joy, beauty, excitement are not always, or often, consistent. That is the inner conflict which increases the native caution of such a Quaker, and induces a restlessness where there should be calm. Has such a temperament anything to contribute to literary criticism? Canby would answer, yes, if the desire for experience once satisfied allows the mind to reflect and create in the peace that follows achievement. Such a consummation is difficult, for there is always one more experience to be encountered. Therefore Canby's position as a critic and writer cannot yet be summed up without overestimate of an influence making for tolerant and sympathetic judgment which may quickly pass, or injustice to a literary effort which is only under way and may or may not go further. But that Canby is a Quaker in criticism, in conduct, in philosophy, and in everything but the formal sectarianism of that religious society he would have to admit, or be unable either to explain or to justify his erratic course through the professions and the intellectual responsibilities he has somewhat too blithely assumed.

Gifts

By MAY WILLIAMS WARD

I have had lovers and would-be lovers.
One brought burning lips;
One, a restlessness such as hovers
Over ships;
One brought a whirlwind of merrymaking;
One, his first-born song—
(For a little I might have been his for the taking,
Not for long.)
So many disturbing gifts—even the singing—
And not a giver guessed
I shall be won by a lover bringing
Only rest. . . .

Books

Emily Dickinson

The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. With an introduction by her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

BECAUSE it is the familiar fate of most rare spirits and great innovators to be foolishly misvalued, one should not be surprised, having found in her poetry a most astonishing Emily Dickinson, to turn through the first half of her "Life and Letters"—that is, the Life, by her niece—and find only a mundane reproduction along family lines. Where are the bold and capricious and impassioned colors that lie so marvelously beside the nun-like gray and spiritual azure of her nature? Not here. This is the supreme irony of the book: Emily's family still has her under lock and key; so far as such devices are powerful at all, they are still, forty years after her death, the chief concern of this single surviving Dickinson. Reticence, good taste, Amherst sensibilities—all the forces that stifled and warped the living girl are here again, silencing the events of her life and destroying her letters, as perfect in many instances as her poems. I have merely to refer the reader to the 1894 edition of the letters and certain passages in the later chapters of this volume to illustrate Mme Bianchi's shortcomings. As to the maltreatment of the poetry in the past, let anyone compare the facsimile reproduction of Renunciation in "Poems: Second Series" with the printed version, in that series edited at the request of her sister Lavinia by Higginson and Todd. In every instance this freshest of spring water has had to come through the filter of common and cloudy minds.

Such outrageous tampering with the facts in the life of a nearly inexplicable woman, and with her priceless writings, cannot, however, be the only significance—serious as it is—of the publication of this book. For those who do not know the real Emily there remain her letters and certain significant incidents in the narrative to send them flying toward discovery.

Although the total story, as told in black and white, is not particularly illuminating, a wealth of detail remains for any one who cares to write his own spiritual biography of Emily. Like Margaret Fuller, the woman of action in that narrow and remote society, Emily, the artist and ascetic, clearly had a father. Again like Margaret, at an early age she calls herself a Whig and suggests that she would like to vote and read politics. We discover that she lived by Keats for sensuous richness, by Browning for outspoken zest (calling "Men and Women" a "broad book"); cherishing the extravagance and waggery of Dickens, and brooding over the fortunes of Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, and Emily Brontë, her far-away kin.

Of the central drama of her life, from which came such fragments as

> So we must keep apart,
> You there, I here,
> With just the door ajar
> That oceans are,
> And prayer,
> And that pale sustenance,
> Despair!

we have very little, but for imagination enough. The truth of the story here has recently been disputed by a family friend who insists that the real tale is neither so conventionally noble nor so simple. From the present book we gather that the man Emily Dickinson loved was a minister in Philadelphia who begged her to run away with him and, when she refused, took his wife and child to the Pacific coast, dying there many years later. God and death, throughout Emily's whole passionate utterance, take on a new meaning when remembered with these facts.

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She rebelled against drab morality and theology—she rebelled against death and loss and anguish—but death and God became in the end the symbols of her fulfilment.

Putting poems, letters, and life side by side, another much-suppressed clue emerges. God and father are evidently closely linked, and the recluse and unmarried spinster daughter of a rich man had a significant economic problem when seen by the light of

> Twice have I stood a beggar
> Before the door of God!
> * * *
> Burglar, banker, father,
> I am poor once more!

But you will not get to the bottom of Emily Dickinson even in the letters. Here our difficulty is not the niece, but the great original herself. The letters, like the poems, suggest a depth quite beyond any plummet except that of another such spirit. Certainly Emily had her beginnings and many of her conclusions in human and natural dilemmas; and some of these are herein shown. Within herself she performed miracles—that hardest and slowest miracle, chiefly, of self-mastery and self-expression.

Two emotions seem to do battle back and forth: there is the constant triumphant note of her victorious self, and, struggling with that, a less obtrusive anguish and rebellion, always spoken in language too cryptic to trouble those about her. Most poignant of all is this line to a child too young to understand—written curiously enough to the Martha Dickinson who edits the present volume: "Dear Mattie: Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had. Emily."

As to explaining the artist, there is no explanation. How such a woman could write The Railway Train:

> I like to see it lap the miles,
> And lick the valleys up,
> And stop to feed itself at tanks;
> And then, prodigious, step
>
> Around a pile of mountains,
> And, supercilious, peer
> In shanties by the sides of roads;
> And then a quarry pare
>
> To fit its sides, and crawl between,
> Complaining all the while
> In horrid, hooting stanza;
> Then chase itself down hill
>
> And neigh like Boanerges;
> Then, punctual as a star,
> Stop—docile and omnipotent—
> At its own stable door.

a few years after the first of these whistled into Amherst, and in doing so, write perhaps the only poem, for all our conscientious attempts, that makes art of the machine age—this puzzle, besides many subtler ones, we shall not solve.

Nor shall we discover here the secret of her strange technical power, unless in the stray remark that Emily was something of a musician. Her verse, which is to our whang-bang school poor technique, accomplishes the most miraculous sound-flutings; her assonance-rhyme, like her thought, is a tone that opens in the central atom of feeling, outward. Her images, magnificent, tempered, utterly her own, make her the only genuine Imagist.

In the collected work we are face to face with a startling personality and one of unusually diverse qualities. Emily's poems are played on plucked strings, on an instrument of great variety and range. Her scope is wide, and the tones are many—she finds infinite subtleties between the gaps of our crude scale—but there is only one method, the direct stroke of a bold hand. She had no bow as has Edna Millay, who by one long sweep gives us a lyric line of marvelous power. This inability to link words endlessly with gathering speed has kept Emily from having an understanding audience. Her gift is static—"to scalp the naked soul" by an instant's sound and image.

However they may outdo her in cumulative melody, Emily surpasses our contemporaries, Edna Millay and Elinor Wylie, in the simple matter of range. From this silver bliss:

> I taste a liquor never brewed,
> From tankards scooped in pearl;
> Not all the vats upon the Rhine
> Yield such an alcohol!
>
> Inebriate of air am I,
> And debauchee of dew,
> Reeling, through endless summer days,
> From inns of molten blue.
>
> When landlords turn the drunken bee
> Out of the foxglove's door,
> When butterflies renounce their drams,
> I shall but drink the more!
>
> Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
> And saints to windows run,
> To see the little tippler
> Leaning against the sun!

she runs the clear half-notes downward to:

> The heart asks pleasure first,
> And then, excuse from pain;
> And then, those little anodynes
> That deaden suffering;
>
> And then, to go to sleep;
> And then if it should be
> The will of its Inquisitor,
> The liberty to die.

Two poems on death, numbered in this collection XX and XXII, stand alone, I think, in the whole world's literature. No other poet has said what is herein said. The nearest approach would be the utterance of a Shakespearean woman with Hamlet's soul. But perhaps the bleak and religious Emily has been overstressed at the expense of the capricious and nimble one. Papa Above! Regard a Mouse and

> Lightly stepped a yellow star
> To its lofty place,
> Loosed the Moon her silver hat
> From her lustral face.
> All the evening softly lit
> As an astral hall—
> "Father," I observed to Heaven,
> "You are punctual."

merely suggest the merry irreverence that runs like a stream, through light and shade, in her work.

We find the images—lightning "skipping like mice" and a snake "unbraiding like a whip-lash in the sun"—a wealth of homely memory and fancy. But we cherish above even these delights the utterance of the impalpable. "Pain has an element of blank" begins one poem. And again this:

> Elysium is as far as to
> The very nearest room,
> If in that room a friend await
> Felicity or doom.
>
> What fortitude the soul contains,
> That it can so endure
> The accent of a coming foot,
> The opening of a door!

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Poor Emily who could not write like Lowell and Longfellow! She could not. She wrote in secret, for herself alone, and now we find her, in the company of the maddest and most stubbornly realistic men, Blake, Shakespeare, and Browning.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Wilsoniana

Woodrow Wilson: A Character Study. By Robert Edwards Annin. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

With Congress and Cabinet. By William C. Redfield. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

MR. ANNIN'S analysis of the personality of Woodrow Wilson is one of the two serious works which thus far exist dealing with the whole career of the late ex-President. The author is a prominent business man engaged in export shipping, was a fellow-student with Mr. Wilson at Princeton, has been prominent in Princeton alumni affairs, was a close friend of the late Moses Taylor Pyne of the Princeton board of trustees, and has long been intimate with Dean Andrew F. West. These affiliations at once reveal him as a critic of Mr. Wilson, but his book is in no sense a diatribe. Wilson's superior qualities and more notable achievements are in the main set forth as clearly and generously as they are in the eulogistic biographies by Hale and Dodd. At the same time his weaknesses and failures are also given due space—this being the unique and novel aspect of the book.

Mr. Annin has not essayed to write a systematic biography. Rather he has utilized the more important facts in the successive stages of Wilson's personal, professional, and public career as the basis for an interpretation of the personality, aims, and methods of the man. While his psychology is of a non-academic and non-clinical "common-sense" variety, he gives evidence of no little subtlety and keenness in character analysis. The different chapters vary greatly in value. Those on the period up to 1914, and the last four, summarizing the more important alleged traits of Wilson's personality, are highly illuminating and suggestive and to a large degree convincing. Those dealing with the war period are disappointing and misleading because Mr. Annin apparently has not revised his views since 1917, and writes somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Roosevelt's "Shadow Lawn" speech of 1916.

Mr. Annin's treatment of the period of Wilson's life prior to his assumption of the presidency of Princeton is brief, but suffices to show that the traits which he manifested as chief executive were apparent in his student days and throughout his professorial career. As student and professor he was distinguished for casuistic acumen, readiness as a debater, rhetorical talent of a high order, impressive oratory, and a certain degree of intellectual audacity and originality, which were in no sense associated with notable doctrinal heterodoxy, profundity, or logical consistency. When he became president of Princeton these characteristics persisted, developed, and bore fruit. Mr. Annin concedes to Wilson a wise and progressive program of educational policy and vigorous devotion to its execution, but maintains that he was ambitious for more comprehensive and rapid changes than were possible, impatient of restraint or opposition, often inconsistent or illogical in the combination of different and in part mutually exclusive plans, unscrupulous in method, opportunist in attitude, domineering in leadership, and careless in fulfilment of promises and obligations. Most instructive of all, however, is Mr. Annin's contention that the Princeton presidency constituted the logical and adequate apprenticeship for the later position of chief executive of the country. From 1902 onward Wilson built up a personal political machine at Princeton in which he applied all the methods of executive and party leadership which made him so successful in 1913-14. The apparent sharp break in his life following 1910 was, then, but a transfer of his technique and endeavors to another related realm of human activity. He was no tyro in political methods when he assumed the governorship of New Jersey in 1911. As soon as opposition to his policies at Princeton became formidable he adopted a procedure which was sure to ruin his chances of success there but which would bring him into the public eye in spectacular fashion, namely, that of carrying his fight to the alumni throughout the Eastern United States and representing it (rather inaccurately) to be a struggle between plutocratic control and scholarly independence in higher education. His plan succeeded, and the nomination for Governor of New Jersey saved him from humiliation at Princeton.

As president of Princeton, Governor of New Jersey, President of the United States during his first term, War-President, and peace negotiator, Wilson started with brilliant success accompanied by much adulation, which begat a certain degree of dogmatism and arrogance and encouraged a willingness to give ubiquitous advice and guidance in all fields of human endeavor. When opposition arose he exhibited intolerance and impatience, but proved a courageous and persistent, if ruthless, fighter unless the battle seemed to be going against him. Up to the time of his final collapse fate invariably intervened to snatch him from defeat and degradation and place him where he could repeat the drama on a larger and more striking and impressive stage. The selection as president of Princeton came at a time when his somewhat striking qualities as a teacher were beginning to arouse less enthusiasm than formerly; the nomination for Governor saved him from abasement at Princeton; the nomination for President of the United States rescued him from oblivion in New Jersey; Mr. Hughes's folly during his visit to California in 1916 averted his retirement to private life in March, 1917; the declaration of war made him the rhetorical leader of the Allies and the most powerful figure on earth from 1917 to 1919. As peace negotiator he received the plaudits of Europe as has no other single person before or since, and these were able to drown out the echoes of his domestic repudiation in the congressional election of 1918. His "peace of justice" turned out to be one of the most oppressive peace treaties in history, yet his reputation might have been preserved but for the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Had the League of Nations been accepted by the United States it is highly probable that Wilson would have been its first president (though he may not have entertained any such ambition). In such an event it is an interesting, if futile, conjecture as to how he could have been saved, short of divine intervention and translation, when his forward-looking but rhetorical and metaphysical internationalism had been wrecked by the realistic nationalism and militarism of M. Poincaré.

The remaining demonstration of major interest in Mr. Annin's book is that of Wilson's inability to retain close personal friends in professional life, and his willingness to repudiate those who had served him faithfully, once their association with him had become a liability rather than an asset. Miss Thomas, Pyne, Smith, Harvey, McCombs, Bryan, House, Lansing, and Tumulty constitute an impressive necrological succession. While the book is to be taken *cum grano*, and should be constantly paralleled by the account in Professor Dodd's apologia, yet it is unquestionably the most searching and significant study which has thus far been made of the interesting personality of Woodrow Wilson. But we shall never attain any satisfactory definitive estimate of that baffling psyche until we have been more adequately oriented by better historical perspective, and have been able to obtain from acquaintances, physicians, and neurologists some credible and significant information as to his ancestry, youth, and physical and mental health.

It was a well-intentioned but simple-minded and colorless business man who served as Secretary of Commerce under Wilson. Taken as a whole Mr. Redfield's book seems hardly worthy of publication in such admirable format. It contains,

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to be sure, interesting sidelights and observations on Washington affairs, but they touch only on matters that have been revealed more thoroughly in many earlier books. Mr. Redfield is eminently a person of the "Honest-to-God" variety; he could not have been an enthusiastic reader of the "Mirrors of Washington." His style is commonplace but his expression is direct and rendered concrete by many personal anecdotes, which are not, however, always relevant or illuminating. The dramatic high point in the book is his account of watching the second Mrs. Wilson climb through a window in the Bureau of Standards Building. In his account of his relations with the official family of the Wilson Administration there is little of value or novelty. His attitude toward President Wilson is sympathetic but reverential and adulatory. Of some significance is his reference to the President's statement to him: "Sometimes as I sit here I feel as if the whole American people were looking in the White House window. I hope they know I am trying to do the work well." His contributions to the official activities of the Cabinet as a group extended to protecting it from vulgar eavesdroppers at the Shoreham luncheons and to keeping Franklin K. Lane awake by poking him in the ribs with his elbows during cabinet meetings. Most readers will probably concede that the latter was a positive service to the cause of efficiency in American public life which by itself justified Mr. Redfield's attendance at cabinet meetings. Many characteristics of the author revealed by this book indicate that if he could also lay claim to a vote-getting legend he would have been the appropriate candidate to carry the Democratic banner against Mr. Coolidge in another Tweedledee versus Tweedledum campaign.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Mr. Forster Looks at India

A Passage to India. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. E. M. FORSTER stands apart from the main movements of present-day English literature. He has a striking lack of eagerness for doing the things which other writers do, a striking freedom from the mob instinct in a region where it is today strongest, among writers and artists. He is inclined toward the ironical school of which Mr. Lytton Strachey is the instructor, but he differs from Mr. Strachey's pupils in an important respect: they underline their inclination until they succeed in making it resemble Mr. Strachey's as closely as possible, but Mr. Forster lets his remain where it is, supported on itself. His work is a work of inclinations, adroitly balanced, and rarely slipping into the faux pas of a decision. With great tact he knows how to go half-way in any given direction, and his talent consists in knowing exactly where the half-way point is. This knowledge implies a great deal of experience in reserve behind it, and there is no doubt that that experience is real. Mr. Forster gives his reservations the weight of categories which everybody would be more intelligent by accepting; and no doubt they would, though Mr. Forster attaches too much importance to intelligence. He writes always as a man who knows better than any one else while not insisting on the fact. And he writes thus because he is, first, a capable man, and, secondly, a man of taste. He knows where he stands; he has found his place, and there is a note of assurance, accordingly, in all he says. But although his utterance is genuine as that of few of his contemporaries is, one doubts whether it is profound. The intellect is not exercised to its utmost in going half-way in all directions. Practical expedience, intelligence of a rare kind, may be shown in doing that; but hardly wisdom, not the passion for truth which animates great art. Mr. Forster does not possess these qualities; on the other hand, he has an intelligence of greater force and purity than that of any other imaginative writer today. That intelligence is a scrupulously truthful one; but its distinguishing character is its refusal to pursue truth beyond a certain point. This is why his books, in spite of their skill, produce a total effect which is not decisive.

"A Passage to India" is a very accomplished novel. It is the kind of novel which could be written only by a very cultivated man, but it shows Mr. Forster's cultivation more clearly than it does his intuition. He does not convince one that he understands his characters; he convinces one only that he understands their misunderstandings, that he knows where they are wrong. His theme is the antagonism, founded largely upon misapprehension, between a colony of Anglo-Indians in a little Indian town and the natives; but although he never shirks the subject he never gets to close grips with it. His picture of mutual misunderstanding is consummate. He presents English people and Indians speaking together, the Indians at a word flying off at an incomprehensible tangent, the English blankly amazed. Nothing could be better than his account of the party at Fielding's, where some English people and two Indians, chatting amiably, find themselves, without knowing why, moving poles asunder. There is the most exquisite artifice in this economically managed scene. The trial, too, is beautifully rendered, and the riot after it is wonderfully neat, a little too neat. Mr. Forster always says the right word, selects the significant detail; yet his art is essentially a kind of impressionism. Miss Quested, the open-minded young Englishwoman who comes to India resolved to know it and refusing to be put off with "a frieze of Indians," gets little more than that in the end, nor do we; for Mr. Forster's Indians have the coldness of a procession, and, if more delicately exact than Mr. Kipling's, they have less personality. The author gives us glimpses of their psychology, but he does not understand that psychology, and cannot explain it to us. It is here that a reader who wants to pursue one path until he comes to the end will rebel against Mr. Forster's intelligent resolve to go only half the way. There is no end, Mr. Forster would no doubt reply. Here is a picture of the muddle: if you try to probe it farther it will only become more baffling. At any rate, his picture is wonderfully drawn. He holds the balance evenly between the Anglo-Indians and the natives, without a hint of prejudice, idealistic or imperialist, and with no fear of the opinions of the English public. He is above the quarrel, and without much hope for its issue. It required courage of a rare kind to write the book.

The story is simple. Mrs. Moore and Miss Quested, the prospective fiancée of Mrs. Moore's son, come to India, and are at first repelled by the English official attitude to the Indians. When they suggest a more sympathetic attitude they are always told from the height of a ten or twenty years' experience, "That is not the point"; and baffled by the English, they turn to the Indians. But by these they are baffled in a different way: they find good-will, even gratitude, but they are misunderstood at every turn. Their sympathy eventually involves them in an adventure in which the younger woman is sexually assaulted, or thinks she is (the point is not clear), in a cave to which a young Moslem doctor has conducted her. The doctor, who is innocent, is arrested and tried; there is a prodigious racial fuss raised by the English, and hysterical indignation among the natives. In the end the doctor is acquitted by the testimony of the woman who accused him, who comes to the conclusion that she was suffering from hallucination. For letting them down she is forthwith ostracized by the Anglo-Indians. A tumult follows the legal decision, and the English fear violence, but the riot passes into a farce. The novel, one feels, should have ended here; but Mr. Forster adds a final section portraying, with an unconvincing irony, an aspect of Indian religious life. It is the only feeble part of the novel, and, seeing that it is the end, the part which could least suffer to be feeble. But, apart from it, the book is executed with rare scrupulousness. The writing, when it does not slip into fine writing, as it does once or twice, is a continuous delight. The novel is a triumph of the humanistic spirit over material difficult

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to humanize. It is this first of all; it is also a work of art exquisite rather than profound. Last of all, it is a peculiarly valuable picture of the state of India seen through a very unembarrassed and courageous intelligence.

EDWIN MUIR

This Most Momentous Period

These Eventful Years. The Twentieth Century in the Making, as told by many of its makers, being the dramatic story of all that has happened throughout the world during the most momentous period in all history. Encyclopaedia Britannica. 2 vols. $11.50.

AFTER all the other "Outlines" comes this Outline of the Twentieth Century, prepared by some of the writers who made the Encyclopaedia Britannica memorable. A brilliant corps of specialists collaborated; an uninspired editor selected and arranged; and the result is fascinating journalism in book form. The eighty-four chapters read like magazine articles; they have little coordination, but they contain an amazing mass of authoritative information. Here is the twentieth century in Sunday-supplement style. If the collection makes two fat volumes there is hardly more reading matter in it than in two Sunday editions of the New York *Times;* the reading is easier, however, and reference is simpler.

What has, after all, happened in this last quarter century? What will the editors of the eighteenth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, working a century hence, say of this "most momentous period in all history"? Very likely they will laugh at the arrogant certainty of our generation that it was living through such a time; they will surely smile at the editor who phrased the sub-title of the present work. Any guess at what the future will think must be a record of prejudices; the editor's disposition of space is the record of his prejudices, and the critic's quarrel the expression of his. The editor says in his foreword that no author was selected for his views; "on the contrary, the endeavor of the editor was to select the best writer, and then to give him a free hand." But the very choice of "the best man" to explain the causes of the war or to tell the disputed story of Soviet Russia must, if it be intelligent at all, be an expression of views. Contemporary history without prejudices is a contradiction in terms.

For the two-hundred-page History of Our Own Times which summarizes and introduces the book the editor chose J. L. Garvin, the accomplished editor of the Tory London *Observer.* This is followed by a more detailed account of the war by Generals Maurice, Ludendorff, and Mangin, and Admirals Tirpitz, Jellicoe, Scheer, and Sims; brief chapters by John Foster Dulles, Bernard Baruch, Philip Snowden, Professors Laughlin, Seligman, and Bowley summarize the economic aftermath; then twoscore nations or regions have each a chapter to themselves. Sir John Marriott sees Great Britain through, Mr. Latané the United States, Albert Thomas France, and Maximilian Harden Germany. Former Premier Nitti presents a fascinating study of the economic basis of modern Italy; Wellington Koo helps to understand China. Michael Farbman tries hard to be fair to Soviet Russia; an ardent Venizelist treats Greece, and a chauvinist Pole Poland. A British general tells Persia's story—and neglects to mention oil until the next to the last line; "ferment and fanaticism" in India, Egypt, and Africa are reported through the eyes of British civil servants. The last three hundred pages are reserved for art, literature, science, education, religion, prohibition, exploration, industry. Individually these are the most delightful chapters of the book, though as a group they are not so satisfactory. Here Dr. Freud explains psychoanalysis in thirteen pages, and Madame Curie tells the story of radium in six; here J. Arthur Thomson and an American chemical engineer summarize the advance of science in this amazing quarter-century. Here are pictures of American architecture, existent and imagined, apparently intended to accompany a chapter that was never written. Here Charles Schwab preaches the gospel of big business and Dr. Julius Klein gives a suggestive account of the changing currents of world commerce. Here is even a summary of the backward extension which these decades have brought—into the ancient Maya civilization in America and into vastly more ancient civilizations in Africa and the Near East.

Certain things are stressed, and certain things omitted. The war still casts its black shadow of prejudice over most of the chapters. Garvin's account of its origin pictures the Kaiser as a sort of superman without whom the war might have been avoided. Through thirty years he seeks to trace one man's decisive influence; Carleton Hayes's accurate and profound chapter on the Origins of the War is not enough to redress the balance. Garvin is sometimes wrong in his facts—as on Kruger and on German foreknowledge of the text of the Austrian ultimatum. He is deliciously British. After denouncing the German development of sea-power he turns to England. "Britain found a sailor of genius known later as Lord Fisher," he says. "A man of volcanic energy, of ruthless will, of original imagination and endless technical resource, combined with a matchless knowledge of the Bible, he initiated the dreadnought age." Who but an Englishman could melt the Bible so casually into steel for dreadnoughts? The bolsheviks are to him only "the shabby apostles of chaos"—although he sees the omission of Germany and Russia as the vital flaw in the League. In a very different spirit Sir Horace Plunkett, as emphatically disapproving, explains the currents which have made Ireland Sinn Fein.

The picture is essentially political. Nitti and Koo, and to a less degree Harden, are alone in their stress on the economic basis of our civilization. A more significant history of our times might perhaps be written if socio-economic instead of political frontiers were followed. A chapter on steel would be indispensable; others on copper and rubber and cotton; a whole section on coal and oil; chapters on the radio, the automobile, and the telephone; certainly one on the press and one on advertising. These chapters would not deal so much with mere technical developments—methods of steel-making and oil-drilling, artificial rubber and rotary presses—as with the effect of these inventions on the manner of our living.

Lady Rhondda has contributed a readable account of the militant suffragist movement; but the woman movement has a far wider sweep. The rise to consciousness of the Negro, in America and in Africa, is utterly neglected; and the awakening of Asia is shabbily handled. There is no hint here of the world-wide significance of Mahatma Gandhi, nor of the counter-revolution which has defeated the Western world in Turkey, is driving the Spaniards from the Riff and the Italians to the shores of Tunisia, has stirred Arabia and baffled the great British Empire in Egypt and India. The rise of Japan is treated as an incident in Western politics. Surely, too, time will drive the military course of the war into the background and find its meaning in greater currents in which it was but an incident—the awakening of the masses to self-consciousness, the growing doubt of the adequacy of the old forms of democracy, the overwhelming power of modern finance.

Perhaps our age is still insufficiently self-conscious to write such an analytical history of itself. Certainly it would be hard to find men competent to treat these subjects with authority and range. Our scholarship has developed specialists who are afraid of hazarding guesses at the larger meanings of their own research. They leave generalization to preachers and journalists like H. G. Wells. Yet if we are to understand ourselves we must marry precise scholarship to broad vision. James Harvey Robinson has had the courage to attempt it. Carleton Hayes's tiny study in these volumes goes behind mere facts to seek their meaning; and Mr. Wells's little essay, a Forecast of the World's Affairs, which opens the second volume, reads like a critique and a prophecy of profounder work to come.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

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MR. CHARLES RECHT is cultivating one of the most significant varieties of the new novel; in "Rue with a Difference" he has produced a book which, like the novels of Aldous Huxley, is absolutely of the present moment and takes its mood of spiritual perplexity from the atmosphere which the most typical representatives of modern intellectual movements are compelled to breathe. The plot, the setting, and the personages of such a novel may be any at all, but three things determine its nature: first, its central and only important character is the author himself; second, his attitude toward himself is half mockery, half despair; and third, its theme is the inability of the modern man to orient himself spiritually in the world which his intellect perceives. Casually the hero accepts, as all accept, the spiritual iconoclasm of science, and in the detachment of ordinary life he has learned to play with the cynical wisdom of biology and psychology which explain away the awe of emotional experience just as earlier science explained away the awe of conventional piety. Yet under the stress of an unexpected emotional crisis, knowledge is quite incapable of controlling his emotions or of justifying them to himself. In love he calls upon the illusion of man's grandeur and dignity to help him to accept his emotions, and faced with tragedy he calls upon illusion to dignify his suffering; but lyric flight is checked by the rationality which he has always cultivated, and in the world of metabolism and hormones, repressions and complexes, he finds no answer for his needs. He is feeling about love, for instance, as a troubadour felt, but he is thinking, perforce, as a clever young man of the twentieth century is compelled to feel. Try as he will the two halves of his soul will not coalesce and he cannot either feel as his intelligence tells him he should feel or think as his emotions would have him think, and thus he mocks his torn and divided soul but cannot hide his pain. He can neither inhibit the extravagance of romantic love nor believe that love to be other than a pestilential irrationality.

It makes little difference what incidents Mr. Recht has chosen to body forth this conflict. It happens that his hero is a writer of advertisements, that the circumstance which precipitates his problem is love for a girl quite worthless in herself but become unfortunately the symbol of his desire, and that the end of the story (for there is no solution) is murder and a trial by jury. These things are merely the accidents of the theme; its central problem is the problem so familiar in contemporary literature: How, as Mr. Recht ingeniously phrases it, shall Homer Saddletree, a well-educated inditer of prose poems in praise of balloon tires, wear the rue which an utterly impossible love affair has thrust upon him? Obviously not as some knight might have worn it, reverently trusting in the religious mystery of love, and obviously not as some psychiatrist, himself quite free from emotion, might suggest, merely as an interesting specimen of psychical botany—no, it must be worn with a difference and that difference must somehow express a tender emotional acceptance and a scornful intellectual rejection all at once. But that, unfortunately, is a very hard style indeed to catch.

There is a good deal that is still tentative in Mr. Recht's technique. He is not quite sure how he wants to conduct his story and the whole gives a patchy effect, with sections of narrative and sections of speculation in unfused contact. Moreover the murder is hardly convincing, though it is necessary as preparation for the trial scene, which is quite the most passionately felt part of the book; but he finds many and ingenious ways of giving the central problem concrete expression. When, for example, he translates the advice, given by a friend, to see his beloved as "a relative thing—a use—a method" into the admonition "Let your champagne go flat so that you can convince yourself that the bubbles are nothing but air," he has put into a phrase the whole problem, which is simply how to enjoy the magic wine of emotion in the full consciousness that it is intellectually reducible to a commonplace.

The present reviewer has heard calm people assert, not only that they found in anthropology, biology, or psychology nothing to disturb the tenor of their emotions but also that the whole thesis here discussed is nonsense and that no peculiarly modern disorganization of mind exists. He, however, prefers to take the testimony of much in contemporary letters and to assume that there does exist a widening gulf between current modes of thinking and current modes of feeling, that while science has approached existence from one angle, emotion and to some extent art have approached it from another and older angle, so that many people, at once sensitive and intelligent, do suffer from a sort of permanent split in the soul which prevents their achieving a stable and harmonious way of life. Somewhat analogous problems may have arisen before. Doubtless religious people accustomed to the cozy old cosmography experienced something remotely similar when astronomy shattered it and exposed them to the cold immensities of space which contained no sign of the heaven they had come to depend upon; though their problem no longer troubles us we have our own difficulties. The Elizabethan lover in the grip of irrational passion could accept the decree of the Implacable Aphrodite and retain his self-respect, but it is more humiliating to be compelled to bow down before a carefully catalogued psychosis. We instinctively feel, not only toward love but toward a whole series of phenomena like patriotism and morals, for example, in an old traditional manner, while we think about them in another—because new knowledge has come too rapidly to be emotionally assimilated. Mr. Recht's hero believes that his infatuation is a vulgar phenomenon which reason should dissipate, but he knows equally that his romantic love is a hard fact. How of these two things may he make a poem when he cannot even respect his own pain?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mystic and Rationalist

Carlyle and Mill. By Emery Neff. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

TWO great and good men, brought together by common interests and hopes, cultivating for some years a warm friendship, gradually drawing apart as their differences more and more clearly revealed themselves, living the rest of their lives in keen and even bitter intellectual opposition, and dying at last unreconciled, neither having learned how to help the other in pursuit of a common end—such is Mr. Neff's picture of Carlyle and Mill, two outstanding figures in the first era of modern thinking in the industrial world. "Mill," says Mr. Neff, "had the ideas which were to mold the future, but endeavored to propagate them by the inefficient methods of eighteenth-century rationalism. Carlyle knew the best devices of present-day propaganda, but his ideas lagged in the feudal epoch."

United, he suggests, they might have helped England answer many of the questions which still divide her, even today. Both saw that the economic problem underlay the political. Both knew that the system of irresponsible private property and free competition was impoverishing the nation physically, intellectually, and morally, and was sowing seeds of class war. Sympathizing with the demand of the common people for suffrage as a means of taking government out of the hands of "fat, elderly gentlemen" incompetent to rule, both yet profoundly distrusted the wisdom of the uneducated masses, and would have persuaded them to depend on the judgment of men of conspicuous ability. Both had much the same vision of a more humane economic order influenced by ethical and aesthetic considerations. Both were consumed by a fiery zeal for practical activity in bettering the human lot. "The words Duty, Justice, Goodness, and Truth were for them like an awing glory, like the Uplifted Host."

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With all these points of agreement, they were yet fatally divided by differences of temperament, which led them to increasing disagreement on particular measures, Carlyle tending more and more to trust the right-thinking hero-master with a sword, Mill inclining to wait on the slow, painful processes of education in a democracy. The same strife continues today, in the intellectual as in the political world. Perhaps it is true, as suggested, that no reconciliation is possible.

Mr. Neff's book is not essentially biography, and it contains little of biographical detail or personal gossip. Its author deals with Carlyle and Mill not as isolated literary phenomena but as "largely typical of the intellectual and spiritual history of the age of transition into our twentieth-century world." The agencies of transition were industrialism, democracy, and pure science. So Mr. Neff makes a rapid survey of the material, economic, and political changes of the early nineteenth century and the accompanying revolution of thought concerning social affairs, as represented in the writings of Bentham and the classical economists on the one hand and the replies of their opponents on the other. Probably no technical specialist will be entirely satisfied with every detail of the resulting picture; yet it is an encouraging sign of the times that a study in literature should concern itself so largely, not with matters of form or literary sources but with the conditions of living and thinking that give meaning to literature. In the development of science, the necessary process of analysis and specialization has run mad. To those who doggedly believe in the underlying unity of life and of human experience it is therefore cheering to note among our younger scholars multiplying indications of an attempt at the more difficult task of synthesis. If these writers do not always give tithe of mint and anise and cummin, perhaps they are no less obedient to the weightier matters of the law. The world stands much in need of their courage.

From the study of men like Carlyle and Mill one rises with a renewed sense of the continuity of human experience and thought, of the oldness and the freshness of real ideas. After all, Mill said everything that is to be said in behalf of liberalism in economics and politics. In fact, the half-century that has elapsed since his death has only given added point to most of his observations and warnings. Carlyle, too, thundering at the iniquities of laissez-faire and the cash nexus, and crying out for real leadership as the condition of anything better, might well be the voice of those bewildered hosts today caught in the grip of forces that they cannot control and crying aloud to their god: "Make us a king." To study understandingly, as Mr. Neff has done, two such thinkers as Carlyle and Mill in the setting of the life and thought of their time may well be to get valuable suggestions for the solution of the old problems that puzzle us still; for the thoughts of Carlyle and Mill, like those of Lao-tsze and Jesus, are as true now as the day they were uttered.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Bruno and Others

Modern Thinkers and Present Problems. By E. A. Singer. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IN his preface Mr. Singer remarks: "The names that stand over these chapters might, if moments had names, be those of moments in each man's history." That sentence is an illuminating conception and the book a striking treatment of the history of philosophy. Mr. Singer recognizes and makes clear that a philosophy is a classic in the sense of being a characteristic and permanent mode of human thought given eternally persuasive and cogent expression. Neither Mr. Singer nor anyone else could in thirty pages do justice to the system or the subtleties of Bruno or Spinoza or Kant. He does not try to. He does not make the mistake of the silly summarist, dissecting the dead anatomy of a man's living thought. These are essays in the best and modest sense of that much-abused word and literary form. They catch the mood and essence of systems of thought; they reveal the psychological and social soil out of which they grew and the permanent savor of them for us.

A philosophy like a symphony has varied seductions for those who are charmed by its music, and no two readers would write the same program notes for a symphony of ideas which they in common love. Spinozists and Kantians will undoubtedly differ from Mr. Singer on points of emphasis or interpretation. But it is hard to see how anyone, standing aside from technical cavil or a special moral propaganda, could fail to be impressed with the relevant and cogent lucidity of each of these portraits of a classic mind.

Mr. Singer's book would be a healthy prescription to those who linger from ignorance or habit in the belief that ideas can be fruitfully studied apart from the time and temper of their propounders. Bruno may by main force be treated as a mere textbook label attached to a textbook analysis of a confused pantheistic system. That would not be the portrait of an idea but the analysis of an irrelevance. It is not Mr. Singer's method. Bruno assumes in these unpretentious pages more vital and apposite dimensions. He is made visible as a sensitive and passionately religious spirit stepping suddenly from the warmth of his Father's house into cheerless spaces of an infinitely empty universe. He is revealed as the monk wakened by knowledge to the chilling vision of a cosmos in which men and stars are alike mere motes in a purposeless infinity. His discovery of the endlessness of space and things ends for him the distinction between Heaven and earth and with that obliteration the whole Christian legend. And it is this same Bruno who removes God from Heaven and Heaven from sight only to fill the whole universe with God. Bruno, the renegade and philosophic skeptic, becomes Bruno the mystic, identifying the universe with God and life and his own flaming love. And he is made to stand out in this lucid delineation as an eternal type of the soul who flees, even in our own day, from dogma to seek in wider ways and find God at last in everything.

The chapter on Bruno seems to be Mr. Singer's best. Hardly less an achievement, however, is his essay on Spinoza. It is not a simple matter to convey in terms that will persuade and enlighten the layman a spiritual mood which finds its only adequate articulation in the mathematical metaphysics of Spinoza. Mr. Singer does convey that mood, and he does more to give the uninitiate an insight into the Spinozistic view and world than any other writer in English except Santayana. A reader can hardly miss the point or be altogether ignorant of the paraphernalia of Spinoza's thought after this short chapter. He will get from it the rigid deduction of all things and all thoughts from the initial proposition that God exists. He will follow Spinoza's geometric elaboration of a tight mechanistic universe. He will feel the grip of eternal necessity closing him in; he will discover the method of attaining freedom through reason. In it he will briefly find how the passionless objectivity of mind may be the technique toward a calm and saving passion, a love of that divine order which is through and through and by eternal necessity God.

Mr. Singer's treatments of Hume, Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche follow familiar lines, but always with a just and humanistic emphasis that lifts them out of routine exposition. In the chapter on Hume he manages with a singular economy of letters and biographical material to paint a full-bodied portrait of this urbane, ironic, and clear-headed Scotchman who brought the open air of common sense into the stuffy confines of theological and metaphysical morals. His chapters on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche remain chiefly interesting for the sharp and true contrast he makes between these two men, the first with his preference for a peace of non-being to being unhappy; the second with his conqueror's ideal and its ruthless loneliness.

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One must confess to finding least satisfaction in Mr. Singer's closing contemporary comments. There is nothing wrong, but there is likewise nothing new, in his chapters on Pragmatism and Progress. His chapter on Love and Loyalty in Royce does not, for at least one reader, do much to clear up the dull confusion of that earnest and meandering philosopher. The chapter entitled Prospect and Retrospect is curiously unstimulating after the bright pointedness of the history preceding. To say that Realty must be conceived of as something that man can make and mold and that the old ideals of Peace and War must be reconciled is hardly food for strong men or even for professors of philosophy. It must be either caution or sophistication that prevents Mr. Singer from arriving at or stating any more distinctive conclusions. Perhaps he realizes that the classic philosophies have exhausted the chief incommensurable attitudes toward life and destiny. He knows, perhaps, that conciliation between them is not really possible. In any case he remains a charmingly sensitive delineator of these classic vicissitudes of the modern spirit.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Springfield *Republican*

The Story of an Independent Newspaper. One Hundred Years of the Springfield Republican. By Richard Hooker. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THIS is a greatly needed and model newspaper history, compact, illuminating, and interesting, and written with all modesty. Coming as it does from the pen of the present managing owner, the fourth in line from the Samuel Bowles who founded it in 1824, it might easily and justly have been a panegyric upon the three Samuel Bowleses who established the newspaper, gave it its sterling character, and made it a model small-city journal. Mr. Hooker, with true Puritan self-control, has, if anything, subordinated the *Republican's* makers to the entity they created. For instance, he has dedicated his book to the third Samuel Bowles, but he has not conveyed to the average reader a true understanding of that exquisite and sensitive character whose soul vibrated in complete attune with the highest American ideals, who always subordinated his personality to his work. Though he gave endless attention to the smallest details of management that the *Republican* might face modern competition and yet survive, nothing could induce him to abate one jot of his principles, as nothing could induce Edwin Lawrence Godkin or the other great editors who put devotion to the national ideals above all else.

The story of the *Republican* is really that of this extraordinary Bowles family. None other that we know of in America has held one newspaper property for so long or managed it so ably. Colonel Harvey has declared that the second Samuel Bowles was the greatest editor in our history—Colonel Harvey himself being an alumnus of the *Republican*, whose long list of graduates to win distinction after leaving Springfield is proof positive that there can be no better school of journalism than a newspaper of this type. The Bowles family not only made a daily which was a great educational and inspirational force, but produced a journal that found subscribers in many States of the Union because of its sanity, its cleanliness, its ability, its principles. It is today the only great daily which maintains its weekly edition—long after those of the *Tribune* of Greeley and the *Evening Post* of Bryant and Godkin, once so nationally important, have passed away. The glorious thing about the *Republican* is that its owners have refused to compromise with yellow journalism. They have kept its admirable appearance, displaying the news well and journalistically but with dignity of type and expression, so that the *Republican* proves, as does the Kansas City *Star*, that dailies can pay though they remain conservative in dress and form.

Mr. Hooker has frankly set forth the mistakes as well as the successes of the *Republican*, but considering how great is the liability to error of the editor who must form his judgments quickly on the news of the day, the record of the century is remarkable indeed. The high-water mark of the *Republican* seems to the reviewer to have been the period of the Spanish war and of our Philippine aggression. Then the *Republican* spoke as if inspired and fought its losing battle with extraordinary ability and most correct vision as to what this break with our national ideals would cost us. Unfortunately, there came after the death of the third Samuel Bowles a letting down of editorial ideals. At least it is impossible to believe that if he had lived the *Republican* could have approved the draft of 1917 or been so deceived as to the truth about the war and the economic and imperialistic forces which dragged the United States into it against the wishes of the bulk of the people.

While one must regret this, there is still much to be grateful for in the fact that in its technique the Springfield *Republican* continues to rank with the Baltimore *Sun* and a few others as the best of our dailies. It remains an intellectual journal which the man of education may read with profit and pride, for it has not yet discarded its reasoning faculties or enthroned ignorance in the editorial sanctum. Nor has it decided that its sole function is to amuse. It remains a noble monument to the rapidly passing journalistic order which conceived of itself as a responsible profession instead of a purely money-making business.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Almost White and Black

The Fire in the Flint. By Walter F. White. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. WHITE has with this one novel struck deep into the problem which must agitate the United States for centuries to come—the problem of the colored race. As a story-teller he leaves little to be desired. He knows the colored race as only a colored man could know it. And he knows the attitude of the Southern white as only a Negro could know it. He is able to interpret the white man's attitude quite as well as the colored man's, all the time that his story tramps steadily ahead.

It is easy enough to be dispassionate when things do not concern very deeply. Mr. White could not be dispassionate in describing lynchings, murders, and persecutions of a people of the same blood as his. All through the novel one hears the voice of the new Negro—not the voice of the one who is trying to lead his people away from Egypt through the desert into the promised land but the voice of the one who cries: "I am here to stay. It is as much my country as it is yours. Your skies are my skies. Your land is my land. Your battles are my battles. Your laws are my laws. Your language is my language. And even a good deal of my color is your color. Why, then, do you treat me as if I were a different kind of animal?" Much blood has been shed to free the Negro from slavery. Now that he is free more will be shed to secure him the use of his freedom.

"The Fire in the Flint" is the story of Kenneth Harper, a young Negro physician who after having studied in the North and gained considerable experience in the war returns to his home town in the South to practice medicine. He is fully convinced that the dark days of the black man are over, that since Negroes have proved their abilities in the world of science and art they are to be treated as equal to their supposed superiors. He has dreams of becoming a great surgeon. Coming so recently from the North, he has the feeling that the Southern Negro walks around with a chip on his shoulder, and says as much to his brother, who thinks differently. But the Ku Klux is at work. Kenneth is rudely awakened to reality. His brother is killed, his sister's soul and body are murdered, his mother goes insane. Then Kenneth is filled with a rage that is best expressed in Mr. White's own words: "And if by raising one finger I could save the whole white race from destruction, and by not raising it I could send them all straight down to hell, I'd die before I raised it!"

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Selections from the Harper Lists

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Author of "Damaged Souls"

Bare Souls

"GAMALIEL BRADFORD reintroduces into modern literature a method of biography that is sincere, analytical, uncompromising and yet sympathetic," writes *William Lyon Phelps*. In this unusual book Mr. Bradford turns aside from the study of American historical figures to portray with his accustomed brilliance a group of the great writers of England and France. His subjects include Charles Lamb, Keats, Flaubert, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Thomas Gray and Edward Fitzgerald. Under his magic touch they spring to life, not in a formal, chronological narrative, but in an intense, concentrated revelation of spiritual experience. $3.50

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Author of "The Behavior of Crowds"

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Author of "From the Life" and "Some Distinguished Americans"

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers Since 1817 **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

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This is Kenneth's answer to a plea over the telephone to come and save a white woman from death. And yet a few minutes later the physician goes to the bed of the woman and ministers to her. The duties of a physician are above the feelings of the individual. He still is greatly tempted to let his patient die and so avenge all the ills the white race has heaped upon him. But again the physician wins over the emotions of the man, and he guides the white woman until he has seen her past the danger-point. Ku Kluxers are waiting outside. They are there to avenge an insult; they believe that a "nigger" is spending the night in the arms of a white woman. The patient at last becomes easier; Harper leaves the house to be lynched outside after a desperate struggle.

In such a mold Mr. White has poured all that he knows, all that he has observed in years, all that he has dreamed and all that he has experienced, interpreting everything with his own passion and leaving art to take care of itself. The result is a stirring novel, beautifully and passionately written, the exact like of which has never been seen in the United States. I am thankful to Mr. White that he has not tried to give also the "lighter side of Negro life." In the best creative work of the Negro now there is a certain Slavic tendency, self-searching, analytical; this is revealed superbly here. "The Fire in the Flint" may be but the first of Mr. White's novels of Negro life, and more should follow from the pens of others in the interest of a better understanding between the white race and the black —the almost white and the almost black.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Spoon River, Illinois

The New Spoon River. By Edgar Lee Masters. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

MR. MASTERS seems to feel not so much that he has written a new anthology of Spoon River as that he has written the anthology of a new Spoon River. For times have changed. The old village, once so fascinating in its isolation and decay, has been sucked into the whirlpool of Chicago, which now can almost claim it as a suburb. Wires hum over its head, and chimneys smoke; money has come in, and much that is usually comprehended under the term Middle Western has gone out. As anyone may read upon the epitaph of Jeremiah Howell:

> In old Spoon River we rode our horses
> Hunting ducks by the lake or river;
> Now they are chasing the anise bag
> Over the hills and down the hollows.
> We used to walk and we used to work,
> Now it's golf at the country club,
> And polo ponies instead of racing.
> This was a place of simple delights:
> We read old books, and talked of evenings,
> And rode to the country in our buggies.
> Now it's the magazine and the movie,
> And flivvers as thick as summer flies.

The observer's concern, Mr. Masters seems to say, is no longer with the grotesque and often hideous little private tragedies of a provincial people; it is with the grotesque and almost uniformly hideous tragedy of human life anywhere.

So that while Mr. Masters has set his scene where it was set before, and has relied as before upon the dramatic device of the epitaph, he has not been at so much pains as he was in his masterpiece to communicate the local spiritual savor of a community which he knew so well because he had looked at it so long. In the interest of universal truth he has encouraged a tendency in himself which he all but controlled in 1915—the tendency to unload his general ideas upon the reader. Dozens of his characters begin by speaking for themselves and end by speaking for their creator; dozens never begin at all. This is unfortunate, since Mr. Masters is worth a vast deal more to the world as an artist than he is as a preacher. And it is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that his ethical ideas are admirable, his enthusiasms valiant and sound. Here he is, the same unkillable radical in life and love that he always was—an arch-lover of passion and beauty, a worshiper of Dionysos and Apollo at the same time that he is a stout defender of the simple Christ, a man intoxicated by the words Republic, Liberty, Honesty, and Friend, a hater of hypocrisy, a caustic enemy of cant. Yet here also, and altogether too much of the time, he is the baldest sort of sermonizer—the sort whom with another text he spends his time despising. The result is a book decidedly inferior to "The Spoon River Anthology," a book comparatively deficient in drama, in irony, in fun, a book less universal in value—the paradox is familiar—than its truly provincial predecessor. It flames with no lyric like that now famous one of Anne Rutledge's; it will raise little or no laughter like that which still is the lot of Walter Simmons and Petit the Poet.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the new anthology is without virtue. Bad or good, it manages to be continuously interesting; its energy, as nearly always with Mr. Masters, is unbounded. There is wealth in the episodes, there is zest in their telling, and plainly there is still unusual hitting power in the poet's blunt free verse. And upon at least one page, under the name Howard Lamson, may be found a set of gnomic verses which are beautiful because their riches are confined within a well-pondered lyric form:

> Ice cannot shiver in the cold,
> Nor stones shrink from the lapping flame.
> Eyes that are sealed no more have tears;
> Ears that are stopped hear nothing ill;
> Hearts turned to silt are strange to pain;
> Tongues that are dumb report no loss;
> Hands stiffened, well may idle be;
> No sigh is from a breathless breast.
> Beauty may fade, but closed eyes see not;
> Sorrow may wail, but stopped ears hear not;
> Work is, but folded hands need work not;
> Nothing to say is for dumb tongues.
> The rolling earth rolls on and on
> With trees and stones and winding streams—
> My dream is what the hill-side dreams!

MARK VAN DOREN

Back to Rome

Roman Politics. By Frank Frost Abbott. Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

Aspects of the Study of Roman History. By Thomas Spencer Jerome. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

MR. ABBOTT'S contribution to the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome is a brief but fascinating volume on Roman politics. Mr. Abbott has long been known as our foremost authority on Roman political institutions. On the subjects of practical politics and of the social basis of Rome's political behavior he has contributed many essays to many volumes. His knowledge of Roman folk-psychology has the depth that results from a thorough study of the whole literature and not alone of the historical sources, a fact that reveals itself in all his judgments.

The book, to be sure, does not precisely represent what one might expect from the serial title, for if one looks to find, for instance, just what suggestions our constitution-makers may have borrowed indirectly from Polybius's analysis of the Roman constitution, one is disappointed. But few of us are really interested in mere questions of debit and credit. In state-building as in art and literature borrowings that produce vital results are used with such creative power that the question of source matters little, and other borrowings so shame the user that his work is hardly worth recording. Mr. Abbott has fortunately chosen rather to illustrate the course of Roman politics by reference to ours, and to indicate how the Roman people, so like

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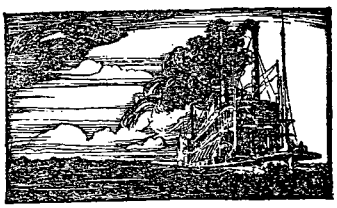

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

are able to present here only a partial listing of their publications of the season. The Scribner Fall List is one which touches every field of literature, notably biography, science, letters, art, religion, and fiction. A complete announcement will be sent on request.

From the jacket of

The Dark Cloud

By Thomas Boyd

The author of "Through the Wheat" has written a chronicle of adventure on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers in the brave and picturesque days of the eighteen-fifties. $2.00

For October Publication

Mary Rose — *A play*

By Sir James Barrie

Boards, $1.00; *leather*, $1.75

The Faith of a Liberal

By Nicholas Murray Butler

About $2.00

Dogs and Men

By Mary Ansell

The men come out rather the worse for the comparison in this charming study of dogs. $1.50

Just Published

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler

By Struthers Burt

Struthers Burt

Some score of years ago the author of "The Interpreter's House" went to the West. His aim was to find some way of making a living that would free him from the necessity of writing for money. Eventually he became a "dude wrangler" and this fascinating and often beautiful book is hung upon the narrative of his own career in this strange new profession of breaking in the Eastern tenderfoot. $3.00

Cowboys North and South — *By Will James*

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A survey of French colonial policy. $3.00

Arthur Train's THE NEEDLE'S EYE

The success of His Children's Children has prepared an enormous public for work of importance and high interest from Arthur Train. And yet this novel sets a new standard for its author, for it is a splendid achievement, an extraordinary advance even over its predecessor.

Now on sale at all bookstores—$2.00

John Galsworthy's THE WHITE MONKEY

Merely to say that this story of the lives of young people of today reintroduces several of the characters of "The Forsyte Saga" is enough to make thousands of readers look forward to it with the keenest anticipation. As a novel it is, however, quite independent of Mr. Galsworthy's great opus. *Published October 24.* $2.00

Just Published

Memoirs of an Editor — *By E. P. Mitchell*

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the Anglo-Saxon Americans in temper, in mental endowments, in social ideals, and in political capacity, experimented—sometimes imprudently, but always open-mindedly and practically—with every device of government, ranging from strong centralization to trustful democracy and back again, and how in so doing they came to try most of the nostrums that have ever been tested in our own government. With few words wasted he gives the stage-setting for their attempts at oligarchic rule, at representative government, at the employment of the "recall," of pure democracy, of "fascist" militarism, of paternalistic and laissez-faire government of subjects, and, with illuminating parallels from modern instances, indicates how each experiment worked out. He similarly analyzes the forces that struggled for domination and weighs the relative influences of noble families, of capital, of the agrarian element and of the populace, and in particular of the foreign peoples that attained citizenship at Rome. Though one does not study history in order to acquire precise models for political action, it is true that a sound knowledge of how people are likely to behave in the political group is practically apposite, and this is the kind of information that this little volume affords.

Mr. Jerome's volume is of a wholly different character. Some of the essays, as for instance The Senate and the Caesars and The Tyranny of Tiberius, purport to be attempts at historical analysis, but one finds, seasoned with shrewd obiter dicta, a mass of temperamental impressions based upon second-hand sources. Most of the other essays, e.g., The Credibility of Testimony, The Use of Invective, and Moralists as Historical Sources, in so far as they do not repeat a twice-told tale, are permeated with an interest in morbid psychology and with Freudian interpretations that give them a bizarre turn. We simply do not know enough about the personality of Tacitus, for instance, to justify even a small fraction of the judgments pronounced upon him in this book.

TENNEY FRANK

Greek Vases

A Handbook of Greek Black-figured Vases, with a Chapter on the Red-figured Southern Italian Vases. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. Paris: Librairie Ancienne, Edouard Champion. 200 frcs.

MR. HOPPIN'S "Handbook of Red-figured Vases," which appeared in 1919, has been such a boon to archaeologists that the appearance of his "Handbook of Black-figured Vases" will be greeted with joy. Archaeological research is always complicated by the numberless references to be looked up, often in obscure publications; and anything that lightens that labor is of inestimable service. Mr. Hoppin's handbooks, giving lists and bibliographies of vases which are either signed by or attributed to ancient potters and decorators, with illustrations of the signed specimens, and M. Pottier's "Corpus Vasorum," which aims at illustrating every Greek vase in existence, therefore are not only intrinsically valuable contributions to archaeology but will have far-reaching consequences in facilitating and stimulating research. Fortunately, the position of Mr. Hoppin and M. Pottier as archaeologists is such that a high standard is assured.

The paintings on black-figured Athenian vases have both the attraction and the limitations of archaic Greek art. We find in them the spontaneity and vivacity of youth, but not yet the grandeur which Greek art reaches just before and during its maturity; for by then the red-figured technique had ousted the earlier style. But in their charm and gaiety and decorative quality they are full of suggestion today. So that Mr. Hoppin's profusely illustrated volume should have a wide as well as a specialized appeal.

An important difference is noticeable between this handbook and the earlier one on the red-figured vases. In the former were included both artists who actually signed their work and artists whose names were unknown but whose work was recognizable on a number of vases, and who could therefore be recreated by the mere invention of a name. Many scholars have of late been devoting their time to this engrossing task of discovering the great (and small) personalities in Athenian vase painting; foremost among whom has been J. D. Beazley of Oxford. Research in vase painting has thereby acquired a totally new interest; the differentiation of styles and the assignment of works to their masters have become as important and as intricate tasks as they are in Renaissance painting. In the field of the black-figured vases this work has hardly begun. We have the masters who signed, and these Mr. Hoppin has presented to us in his new book. The nameless ones have not yet been recreated or rebaptized, except sporadically. And Mr. Hoppin, who was among the first to recognize the importance of stylistic attributions in his former handbook, has wisely confined himself in this one to our present limited knowledge. It may be hoped that Mr. Beazley, who has built so well the foundation of the stylistic study of the red-figured vases in his book on "Vases in America," will some day do the same thing for the black-figured pottery.

In order to produce a book comprehensively Greek rather than exclusively Athenian, Mr. Hoppin has not confined himself to the Attic vases, but has included pots signed by southern Italian masters (Asteas, Lasimos, and Python) and by the early Boeotians and Corinthians. An appendix giving illustrations of some of the red-figured vases which could not be embodied in the former handbook is most welcome. The collection of all this material is an onerous task. In obtaining the mass of photographs needed Mr. Hoppin spared no pains; and on the whole private owners, museum curators, and friends appear to have been generous and helpful—with a few exceptions which are very properly recorded! In the matter of good judgment, one of the chief requisites in a reference book of this type, Mr. Hoppin has also well acquitted himself. Only the rhyton in the Louvre signed by Kleomenes looks queer in this splendid company and should not have been included; at least not without some expression of doubt as to its authenticity.

GISELA M. A. RICHTER

Handel

George Frederick Handel. His Personality and His Times. By Newman Flower. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

IN these days, when America is being so overwhelmingly "discovered" by European musicians, this new biography of Handel should have a peculiar interest aside from its musical value. For no other great composer ever adopted so absolutely a country that was so foreign to his own in language, customs, and ideals as did Handel when he gave his allegiance to England. He identified himself so completely with the people of his adoption, and did so much to rescue and glorify music in England, even to the extent of setting some of his finest music to English texts, that England not only pensioned him during his lifetime but paid him her highest tribute when he died—burial in Westminster Abbey. She has, indeed, cherished his memory and his music ever since, though during his lifetime he apparently rested uneasily on her bosom, being alternately exalted and decried. Mr. Flower worships Handel as a man as well as a musician. And he goes to no little pains to emphasize the courage and greatness with which Handel overcame such handicaps as an austere and restrained home life, the somewhat natural misunderstanding and opposition of a commercially minded and autocratic father with no ear for music, and the fickleness of an eighteenth-century public. Over all of these things, however, one can sympathize but hardly weep, for in the end his father was forced to capitulate and Handel won instant artistic and financial appreciation wherever he went. As for his ups and downs, they were those of any man who devotes the greater part of his life, as Handel did, to operatic composing and producing. He seems to have had an

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uncanny faculty for feeling popular needs, though he did fail once or twice in this, and sometimes his music itself was at fault. Naturally he suffered from the intrigues of enemies and the caprices and vanities of singers, for politics and the arts were closely allied in those days, and the pernicious "star" system in opera was already in vogue. But when one considers the dull routine of Bach's existence, the "Sturm und Drang" of Beethoven's, the harassing poverty of Mozart's and Schubert's, Handel seems to have had a pretty good time, on the whole, and to have received what would have been considered substantial material rewards even today. That he never acknowledged defeat is an admirable characteristic, but scarcely enough to make him a hero par excellence. And it is because Mr. Flower is continually telling us of Handel's virtues that he fails in part of his purpose, which is to give us the personality of Handel. The rare quotations from Handel himself, revealing a very human touch of temper or of humor, are the only saving leaven in a monumental lump of perfection.

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had been in trouble ever since he was put on probation after his gang robbed the corner grocery. In their cases also the label was not as simple as that slapped on by home and school. The record of the wheels within wheels which had to be set in motion to restore these three children to a fair measure of healthy and happy living scores a black mark against the educational systems which lay behind their failures, and presents in readably concrete form the varied scientific and social resources brought to children by this new type of work.

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Christianity and the State. By S. Parkes Cadman. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Mr. Cadman develops the familiar thesis that patriotism is not enough, but that Christianity ought to be. He brings to his subject wide reading and an immense number of words, but he scarcely visualizes, and certainly does not illuminate, the deep problems at issue. The result is one of those books that have no special reason for existence unless it be the reputation of the author as a popular preacher. Unfortunately the pulpit has ceased to be a place whence light may be expected to shine full either upon the church or upon the state.

Drama

Hopwood versus Vajda

IMPORTED theatrical fluff, like French eiderdown, seems at once lighter and warmer than the native product, and since two current farces offer excellent material for an inquiry the reason might be worth the seeking. In the Age of Innocence it used to be thought enough to say that those across the water dared be naughtier than we, but now that our own playwrights have kicked over the traces that explanation is no longer adequate and it is evident that Mr. Hopwood would, thanks to his inner self, still be Mr. Hopwood even if he were writing for Vienna itself. Both "The Best People" (Lyceum Theater), which he produced in conjunction with David Gray, and "Grounds for Divorce" (Empire Theater), imported from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda, are excellent entertainments, but the one, for all its foreign influence, remains as essentially American as the other is essentially European.

The truth would seem to be that though we Americans are perfectly capable of alternating sophistication and sentiment, naughtiness and charm, we are still too moral to fuse them into

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one, and yet it is exactly this fusion which farce after the continental model demands. A simple people, we are willing to admit that a joke is a joke and may indeed be forgiven considerable breadth, but a serious matter is a serious matter, and love, marriage, and morality are decidedly serious matters. We have no objection to the comic-strip view of domestic life or even in our revues, for example, to broadly comic treatment of marital infidelity provided that it is distinctly understood that laughter alone is intended; but we have to know where we stand and we are decidedly uncomfortable on that middle ground where the foreigner loves to place himself and where, all human frailties freely admitted, there is still room for sentiment and charm. We can laugh, for example, with loud guffaws at the spectacle of the unfaithful wife and the deceived husband, and we can, if given the cue, thrill to the drama of remorse and the fresh-turned page, but we cannot generate the atmosphere of Schnitzler nor make of such a situation an idyl of frail and foolish humanity.

Some, thanking God, will reply that I have said no more than that with us the boundaries of morality have not been obliterated, others merely that we are not quite civilized; but be that as it may, the continental farce does demand just this breaking down of boundaries or this completer civilization. Its manners and its morals are exclusively those of what is called the great world but it assumes that complete worldliness does not preclude a certain charm. A nation composed like ours of people who relish equally and in separate compartments of their being the smoking-room story and the saccharine drama furnishes no soil from which the most sophisticated sort of comedy can grow, but when the comedy of sex dissociates itself from nastiness and mingles with sentiment that soil will be prepared. At present sexual attractiveness is either broadly comic or dramatically terrible; it is never frankly recognized as the basis of charm.

Mr. Vajda has, even in farce, the courage of his convictions, but Mr. Hopwood has not. The latter, it is true, can look with a tolerant eye upon frivolity. He can write gorgeous lines redolent of his milieu like the one given his flapper in the present piece when she squelches a pretentious mother with a "Now, mother, don't you try to ritz me, I've seen you with your hair down"; but though he can find his comedy in such an atmosphere he must go elsewhere for his sentiment and send frivolous youth to a serious-minded chorus girl and a noble chauffeur to learn true love and find the happy end. Mr. Vajda, on the other hand, has no need to go outside the ranks of wealth and sophistication. For him, true continental that he is, the divorced wife can be sent back into the arms of her erring husband. She need not, like Mr. Hopwood's heroine, retire to a farm to learn sentiment, for she can continue to be her own impudent self and yet not fail to be delicious.

Vajda is no naughtier than Hopwood. It is merely that, in Hungary, sophistication is old enough to accept itself but that here it casts its eye apologetically in the direction of bourgeois standards. It happens that "The Best People" is completely innocuous, but its author is capable of approaching something very near the smoking-room in the incidents of his plays and something very near the saccharine drama in their moral background, while Vajda could not, I am sure, come within a long distance of either.

The two farces under discussion are almost equally amusing, but "Grounds for Divorce" has the additional advantage of having with it Miss Ina Claire, our foremost expounder of that light charm which is not inconsistent with the most complete sophistication. The dramas of the week have not been distinguished. At the Princess Theater "My Son" calls upon the atmosphere of the Massachusetts coast to freshen up a none too novel theme and succeeds fairly well. At the Vanderbilt Theater "Lazybones" reveals Mr. Owen Davis aiming, apparently, at nothing higher than "a good show" and hitting the mark pretty accurately.

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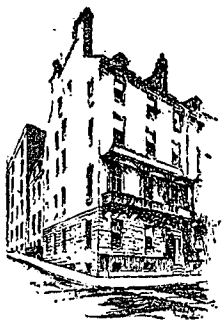

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